MANNEQUIN

(PERFECT TIMING)

by

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Previous Draft

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PERFECT TIMING

FADE IN:

1 thru 3 OMITTED

4 EXT. METROPOLITAN DOWNTOWN AREA - DAY

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

The usual bumper to bumper rush hour traffic -- HORNS BLARING, nobody moving -- except for one young man on a beat up but beautiful, almost mint condition 1967 BSA motorcycle: JONATHAN SWITCHER.

Jonathan rides like a man possessed -- or a guy who's late for work -- going up onto the sidewalk to bypass an insane traffic snarl, cutting through parking lots, squeezing between stuck cars, and so on.

He SCREECHES to a halt in front of an industrial building, parks his bike, grabs a tote bag and hurries inside.

CUT TO:

5 INT. FACTORY - DAY

CLOSE ON Jonathan as he opens his to tote bag and removes a starched white lab coat. He puts it on, runs his hands along the sides to make sure there are no creases. He then puts on a surgeon's shower cap and adjusts it. Everything has to be just so.

VOICE
Switcher, let's go!

Jonathan now removes a clipboard and then a magnifying glass. He peers through it, there's a smudge so he cleans it on his lab coat, then runs his hand along the lab coat to remove the crease.

VOICE
(continuing)
I mean now!

JONATHAN
Ready!

END MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that Jonathan is working for PAULA'S POULTRY PRODUCTS as an egg inspector.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

Jonathan's fellow employees are a motley, seedy bunch of older ladies and transients -- none of whom have had their lab coats washed since 1960 when they inadvertantly were caught working during the Baldwin Damn flood.

This is the General Motors of eggs, an assembly line operation designed for maximum speed and efficiency. At the end of the line, packers are hurriedly loading cardboard flats, work too delicate for machines.

Jonathan stands by a conveyor belt watching the eggs pass over a bright candling light. Jonathan checks for cracks, dirt and other imperfections. There is no time for small talk. Once he punches in, he takes his work seriously.

Already the eggs move by so quickly, he can't keep up with the pace.

JONATHAN
(yelling)
Excuse me. Could you slow this thing down? I can't do my job at this speed.

An egg flies down from above and lands on Jonathan's bright, starched shoulder.

ANGLE ABOVE ON THE FOREMAN

reading a magazine.

FOREMAN
(matter of factly)
No.

He turns a knob to increase the speed of the conveyor belt.

BACK TO JONATHAN

As the eggs come hurtling by at insane speed, Jonathan defiantly takes his clipboard and wedges it between the sides of the trough over the conveyor belt, creating an instant egg dam. Pleased, Jonathan begins checking every egg before setting it on the belt past the dam. But the eggs are piling up and beginning to overflow the trough. Jonathan catches them which quickly fill up. The eggs start to flow over the dam and splatter on the conveyor belt.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

Suddenly the foreman comes running up.

FOREMAN
Switcher! What are you doing?

He yanks the clipboard out and the eggs flood the conveyor belt.

JONATHAN
(pissed off)
If you slowed that line down ten percent, we'd send out the most perfect eggs in the city and we'd all be proud of our jobs.

The motley co-workers facetiously agree, AD LIBBING: "Yeah, where's pride anymore?" "I'm embarrassed to tell my friends where I work," etc.

FOREMAN
(to Jonathan)
I had you pegged as a nut right away. Turn in your cap, coat and get out of here!

Jonathan angrily whips off his coat and cap and tosses them to the foreman. As the foreman catches the coat, two eggs fall out of the pockets and land on his shoes with a SPLAT.

DISSOLVE TO:

6 INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

A colorful downtown cafeteria catering to those on a limited budget -- mainly senior citizens and young families. Jonathan has a new job as a hash slinger and has already won a following among the elderly patrons, who ignore the other servers in favor of Jonathan who always has a joke or kind remark for them. An elderly couple, MR. AND MRS. BERNSTEIN approach.

MRS. BERNSTEIN
Hello, Jonathan.

JONATHAN
(playful)
I don't believe it! Rita Hayworth, on my line!

MRS. BERNSTEIN
(pleased)
Listen to him.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

MR. BERNSTEIN
Jonathan, since when is Rita Hayworth built like a bowling ball?

JONATHAN
What can I do for you, Mr. Bernstein?

MR. BERNSTEIN
Jonathan, you got some nice Vienna loaf for me?

JONATHAN
We ran out, but I saved you the last piece. I've got it warming up.

Jonathan steps away from his station to head for the microwave. The line is already clogging up. Another elderly man in line, MR. KATZ, sticks his head out.

MR. KATZ
(aggravated)
What's the hold up?

MR. BERNSTEIN
Keep your shirt on! The boy is helping me.

ANGLE ON JONATHAN

He can't find the piece of Vienna loaf anywhere. He is tapped on the shoulder. He turns around and finds the cafeteria MANAGER, who points angrily at the long line of people at Jonathan's stations.

MANAGER
That line is backing up, mister.

JONATHAN
C'mon, these are people, not cattle. If you don't treat them right, they won't come back, no matter how good your "flow rate" is.

ANGLE ON MRS. BERNSTEIN

She spoons up a big glob of mashed potato and, holding the spoon like a catapult, takes aim at the manager.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

BACK TO MANAGER

MANAGER
(furious, to Jonathan)
Get...

The glob of mashed potato lands smack in the middle of his forehead.

MANAGER
(continuing; his fervor dampening)
... out.

Jonathan backs away as the melee continues.

MANAGER
(continuing)
Mr. Switcher, these people are walking around holding trays. They're not here for fine dining. If we don't got what they want, then they get what we got. Now get.

BACK TO SERVING LINE

MR. KATZ
(at top of lungs)
Hey, manager, what's going on here?!

MR. BERNSTEIN
Have some consideration. You got a problem, talk to me.

MANAGER
Now look what you've done, Switcher!

MR. BERNSTEIN
Jonathan, hold the Vienna loaf. I'm gonna eat this guy's heart.

MR. KATZ
(threateningly)
How'd you like a salt stick up your nose?

MR. BERNSTEIN
You and who else?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

MR. KATZ
Harriet, hold my teeth!

Bernstein and Katz meet in the middle of the floor and start wrestling. Mrs. Bernstein and Mrs. Katz begin shouting angrily at each other. Finally, Mrs. Bernstein takes her purse and swats Mrs. Katz. It becomes an all out geriatric brawl.

The manager and Jonathan come over to the line to help break up the fight. Bernstein is choking Katz with his hearing aid cord.

JONATHAN
Mr. Bernstein... Mr. Katz...

MANAGER
Switcher, get out! You're fired!

JONATHAN
You're wrong. I'm good!

The manager picks up a turkey drum stick off a tray and shakes in menacingly at Jonathan.

7 OMITTED

8 EXT. ILLUSTRA DEPARTMENT STORE - DUSK

The ultra-flashy department store's windows are so crowded with glitz that it's hard to tell what's being sold -- which doesn't matter, as everybody's here to buy just one thing anyway: the glitz.

The store's just closed and a small clique of trendy young store EXECUTIVES are gossiping on the sidewalk, among them an attractive, smartly dressed young woman: ROXIE.

Jonathan pulls up on his motorcycle. The clique, Roxie excluded, eyes Jonathan disdainfully.

EFFETE EXEC
(snide)
Oh look -- the Road Warrior!

The group snickers, but Roxie looks extremely uncomfortable.

JONATHAN
(yelling over his motorcycle noise)
Hi, Roxie. You ready?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

The young execs look questioningly at Roxie.

EFFETE EXEC #2
Vroom, vroom, Roxie.

ROXIE
(to group; embarrassed)
I'll see you guys tomorrow.

She walks over to Jonathan, who is waiting on the motorcycle. Her fellow execs share smug looks as Roxie slides onto the seat behind Jonathan.

ROXIE
(continuing; curtly)
Let's go.

JONATHAN
What's wrong?

ROXIE
Nothing... I was just thinking how nice it would be to have you pick me up in something with doors.

JONATHAN
Aah, come on, dare to be different.

ROXIE
Where we going for dinner?

JONATHAN
McDonald's...

ROXIE
You lost your job again.

JONATHAN
How'd you like to see Whittier? They've got a lot of free Richard Nixon memorabilia there.

Just then R.J. WERT, head of the Illustra chain's flagship store, comes out of the main entrance. The young execs perk up.

EXECS
Good night, R.J.!
Store looks great, R.J.!
Have a super evening, R.J.!

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

R.J. gives them a casual wave. He frowns at the sight of Roxie on Jonathan's motorcycle, his disapproval not escaping Roxie's attention. R.J. disappears into a black limousine with "ILLUSTRA" license plates.

JONATHAN
Who's that?

ROXIE
R.J. Wert.
(pointedly)
The Regional Manager. He is Illustra.

JONATHAN
Must be nice having your own limousine. You can go from any funeral right to dinner!

ROXIE
(exasperated)
Let's go.

He pops the clutch. It sticks for a moment, and then suddenly engages, sending the bike shooting out into the traffic with a loud BACKFIRE, then subsequent FLATULENT NOISES, Jonathan and Roxie holding on for dear life.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 EXT. FASHIONABLE AVENUE - NIGHT

The newest place to see and be seen. Jonathan and Roxie walk along the sidewalk, crowded with hip and very bizarre types. Jonathan doesn't see any of them. Roxie is bored. She has heard his spiel before.

JONATHAN
... It's like we live in a time where no one really cares anymore. Just get it done, get the money, get out.

ROXIE
Jonathan, I'm beginning to think that no job is right for you. I'm happy. I found real happiness at Illustra. You're the only one who is never fulfilled.

JONATHAN
Oh yeah?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

Jonathan stops a wild-eyed looking MAN with a green MOHAWK and commando outfit.

JONATHAN
Excuse me, sir. Do you find your life fulfilling?

MOHAWK
I don't know. I'm on very hard drugs right now.

JONATHAN
Thank you. Have a high-tech day.
(to Roxie)
This is what the world has come to.

ROXIE
Jonathan, you're going crazy.

JONATHAN
I think every so often maybe I am a man out of my time. Like I was put here by some cruel joke. A person who seeks perfection stuck in a totally imperfect world. I must have pissed off some alchemist in the twelfth century.

ROXIE
Jonathan, where is this going?

JONATHAN
Y'know, Roxie, you've changed since you got that job at "R.J.'s House of Glitz." You used to think I was going to do great things.

ROXIE
That's before you couldn't hold down a job counting eggs. Jonathan, I haven't changed. You've gotten worse. You're not Michelangelo. You're Jonathan Switcher. And I'll tell you something else. If Michelangelo were alive today, he'd be designing windows at Illustra.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. ROXIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It is one of those typical redwood and stucco Moss & Company buildings that are so prevalent on the west side. Jonathan and Roxie pull up on his motorcycle and stop in front. As Roxie gets off, Jonathan throws down the kickstand and starts to follow her in. She stops, turns back to him.

ROXIE
Jonathan, I think I'd rather be alone tonight.

JONATHAN
Why?

ROXIE
I dunno. Maybe we're starting to go in different directions.

JONATHAN
Yeah, but we both need a place to stop for the night.

ROXIE
I really think you should see someone, or at least call one of those shrinks on the radio. You've got reality problems to work out.

JONATHAN
So I should call the radio.

ROXIE
They can help you get a grip on your life.

JONATHAN
Roxie, I'm not crazy. It would really help me to be with someone tonight.

ROXIE
I have to be at work early in the morning.

She heads for the front door of the building as it starts to rain. She unlocks the door, opens it, turns back to see Jonathan standing and looking at her.

ROXIE
(continuing)
Don't just stand there, Jonathan Go home.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

She enters the building, leaving Jonathan still standing. Soaking wet, he hops back on his bike and unsuccessfully tries to kick start it. Frustrated, he is about to vent his anger on the bike, when he changes his mind and delivers a hard kick to a convenient trash can.

Unfortunately, the trash can is loaded with some very heavy garbage and doesn't yield an inch. Jonathan grabs his foot in pain, but his anguished shout is drowned out by a tremendous CLAP OF THUNDER.

Frustrated and depressed, Jonathan runs the motorcycle down the street, jumps on it and throws it into gear. It SPUTTERS to life and then STALLS out. He gets off and starts running it down the street again.

DISSOLVE TO:

11 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

It's pouring rain as Jonathan pushes the recalcitrant BSA along the deserted street, staring at the ground. His whole world's caved in, even his motorcycle has rejected him.

Suddenly a tremendous flash of lightning like a thunderbolt from Zeus illuminates the entire block. Jonathan stops and stares in awe at the beautiful building revealed by the lightning: the PRINCE AND CO. DEPARTMENT STORE, built in the days when department stores resembled sumptuous palaces, not oversized concrete bunkers.

Jonathan has passed by the store many times before but this is the first time he's really noticed it. He is overwhelmed by the spectacular facade gleaming like a brilliant jewel in the strange light of the electrical storm. In the center window stands a beautiful mannequin, we'll call her Emmy, smiling warmly at him, holding her arms out, beckoning him.

The lightning stops and the street is dark once more. A loud RUMBLE of nearby THUNDER snaps Jonathan out of his trance. Reluctantly returning to his reality, Jonathan starts pushing the motorcycle down the street.

Suddenly the engine COUGHS, SPUTTERS and then comes to life. Amazed, Jonathan takes another look at the department store, nods to himself thoughtfully, and rides off down the block.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

12 EXT. PRINCE & CO. DEPARTMENT STORE - MORNING

A neatly dressed Jonathan stands on the sidewalk watching as a large sign announcing "PRINCE & CO.'S 100TH ANNIVERSARY" is hoisted above the main entrance. In the harsh light of day, the once grand store shows itself in need of maintenance, but Jonathan's unjaded eyes see only the magnificence and none of the grime and decay.

An elegant older woman with an air of authority, CLAIRE TIMKIN,, notices Jonathan's interest and turns to him.

TIMKIN
Do you like our new sign?

JONATHAN
Have you really been here a hundred years?

TIMKIN
Not personally, but the store, yes.

JONATHAN
Wonderful. Old and wonderful.

ANGLE ON LEFT SCAFFOLD

Using a rope and pulley, WORKMAN hauls one end of the heavy sign up. Suddenly a white, viscous liquid falls out of the sky onto his hand. He looks up.

WORKMAN
(with repugnance)
Goddamn pigeons --

He immediately lets go of the rope and wipes his hand disgustedly on his overalls. The rope goes flying through the pulley.

ANGLE ON JONATHAN AND TIMKIN

JONATHAN
You can really tell the architect cared. What a monument to leave behind...

He is interrupted by the warning shout of the workman on the scaffold.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

WORKMAN (O.S.)
Watch out!!!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Supported only on one end, the sign rips away from the building, leaving electrical wires dangling from the wall. Jonathan and Timkin look up as the sign comes swinging towards them like a pendulum, attached by a rope to the second scaffold. Jonathan quickly pushes Timkin out of the way and braces himself to grab the sign.

JONATHAN
I've got it!

But Jonathan's overly optimistic. He grabs the sign, but it's like trying to stop a 747. Jonathan goes swinging through the air, clutching the sign for dear life. As the sign reaches the top of its arc, Jonathan's backside rubs against the dangling electrical wires. Sparks fly and smoke rises from the seat of his pants as Jonathan howls.

Timkin is grabbing passersby and directing them to grab hold of the rope hanging loose from the sign as it swings by. But they keep missing it and Jonathan comes swinging back up towards the exposed electricity. He contorts his body wildly, trying to avoid getting another jolt.

ANGLE ON TIMKIN

Jonathan and the sign go zooming past and the workmen and passersby make another vain grab for the rope, Timkin yells to Jonathan.

TIMKIN
Young man, I'm sorry.

Jonathan swings out of sight, then a few seconds later comes swinging back the other way.

JONATHAN
No problem.

He disappears OUT OF FRAME, then comes back on the return swing as the workers make another mis-timed leap for the rope.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

TIMKIN
If we can make it up to you in any way...

Jonathan disappears, then comes flying back INTO FRAME.

JONATHAN
I need a job.

He swings OUT OF FRAME.

TIMKIN
What do you do?

He swings INTO FRAME.

JONATHAN
Isn't it obvious? Anything.

He swings OUT OF FRAME.

TIMKIN
You start as soon as we get you down.

He swings back INTO FRAME.

JONATHAN
Thank you. This is my lucky day.

He swings OUT OF FRAME.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 INT. PRINCE & CO. - LATER

Prince & Co. is the store that time forgot. It managed to retain its mom-and-pop feeling while becoming the premiere store in the city, but now Prince & Co. has been left behind by the social and economic revolutions of the 1960's, 70's and 80's, and is well on its way to extinction.

Jonathan and Timkin make their way through the spacious ground floor. It is magnificent, like something out of a Fred Astaire movie: glossy black floors, art deco mouldings and fixtures, mahogany and bevelled glass counters, etc Well-groomed, middle-aged salesmen and saleswomen are behind their various stations. It is apparent that each takes great pride in their job: dusting off the stock, Windexing the glass counter tops, refolding sweaters, etc. There are no customers.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

TIMKIN
Every time I walk through these doors I feel like I'm home.

JONATHAN
I know what you mean.

TIMKIN
(pointing)
Did you know Greta Garbo used to get her makeup right over there? Of course you probably don't know who Greta Garbo is.

JONATHAN
Sure... "Ninotchka," "Grand Hotel"... I don't sleep much at night.

She smiles and they step onto the escalator. We follow them.

TIMKIN
We used to have wooden escalators. Prince and Company was the first store on the west coast to have them. These are much nicer and carry a lot more people, but I sure miss the old ones.

JONATHAN
Just like home... What time do we open?

13A ANGLE - THEIR POV

as we look down the vast, almost empty floor.

TIMKIN (O.S.)
We <u>are</u> open.

CUT TO:

14 INT. PRINCE & CO. - RICHARDS' OFFICE - MORNING

MR. RICHARDS, the young and ambitious vice president in charge of personnel -- a waspy Sammy Glick with airs -- is talking on the phone, feet on the desk. Richards has decorated his office in yuppie modern.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

RICHARD
(into phone)
R.J., have you seen this place? It's like a ghost ship. Just give me one more month to sink it and I'll deliver you Prince and Company... Who? Timkin? That old crone? She's down in the lobby every day waiting for Lindbergh to come in and return a pair of pants.

Just then Claire Timkin enters, followed by Jonathan. Richards immediately takes his feet off the desk and sits up.

RICHARDS
(continuing; into phone; sudden change of tone)
... Thank you so much. It's not often a personnel director receives a customer's compliments. We'll pass that on to the staff. And when you're in the store again, please stop by and say hello. Goodbye, dear.

He hangs up the phone and looks up.

RICHARDS
(continuing)
Claire, an eighty-five-year-old woman calling to thank us for our service. I wish you could have heard her. It would have brought a tear to a glass eye.

Richards eyes Jonathan's clothes and pegs him instantly as not worth knowing.

TIMKIN
Mr. Richards, those workmen outside you've hired almost got me killed.

RICHARDS
What are you talking about?

TIMKIN
Our three hundred pound sign just broke free from the scaffolding. I wouldn't be standing here if Jonathan hadn't saved my life.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

RICHARDS
My God!

TIMKIN
Richards, it seems that every employee you've hired lately is completely incompetent. If I were paranoid, I'd swear it was sabotage.

RICHARDS
Claire, it's not as if I were turning away Stanford graduates. If you know of anyone you feel is qualified enough to work here, please let me know.

TIMKIN
Mr. Jonathan Switcher.

RICHARDS
And what is your background, young man?

JONATHAN
Well, in the last two weeks: Paula's Poultry. Clifton's Cafeteria...

RICHARDS
(to Timkin)
What do you need me for? Apparently you've found the one man who can save us.

TIMKIN
Put him on. Good luck, Jonathan.

She turns and leaves the office.

JONATHAN
(calling after her)
Thanks a lot, Miss Timkin. I'll do anything. I just want to work.

Richards checks through some files.

RICHARDS
I have just the position for you...

CUT TO:

15 INT. PRINCE & CO. - ANGLE ON STOCKROOM DOOR - LATER THAT MORNING

The door swings open and out comes the new stockboy. It's Jonathan, sporting a grey work smock and pushing a cart. It's not quite the executive training program, but it's a job nonetheless.

We MOVE with him as he makes his way across the almost deserted floor, ever impressed with its look.

CUT TO:

16 INT. ILLUSTRA - ROXIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Roxie's on the phone in the cramped office she shares with an oversexed junior executive: ANTONIO. The office is jammed with samples and photos of the "latest and greatest" fashion items. As Roxie talks, she picks up clippings from her desk and pins them to the bulletin board behind her. From behind his desk, Antonio intently follows Roxie's breasts as she moves.

ROXIE
(into phone)
You actually got another job?
That's terrific. What is it?

CUT TO:

17 INT. PRINCE & CO. STOCKROOM - SAME TIME

Jonathan's on a pay phone in the stockroom.

JONATHAN
(into phone)
Suffice it to say that thousands of dollars of merchandise go through my hands every day. Listen, I'm taking you out for a celebration dinner.

CUT TO:

18 INT. ILLUSTRA - ROXIE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Antonio moves to the edge of Roxie's desk, and pretends to examine a report.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

ROXIE
(into phone; intrigued)
What is it you're doing?

ANTONIO'S POV

As Roxie bends to pick up a clipping from the desk, her blouse opens slightly.

CUT TO:

19 INT. PRINCE & CO. STOCKROOM - SAME TIME

A SALESCLERK walks by and taps Jonathan on the shoulder.

SALESCLERK
Hey, Switcher, all those panties up to Lingerie.

Jonathan covers the mouthpiece on the phone.

JONATHAN
(to Salesclerk)
I'm you're man.

CUT TO:

20 INT. ILLUSTRA - ROXIE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Antonio is practically sprawled across Roxie's desk now, but she's up at the bulletin board, frustrating his obsessive attempts to look down her blouse.

ANGLE - TIGHT ON ROXIE

ROXIE
Did he say "panties?"

ANTONIO
(intrigued)
Panties?

She slaps Antonio away.

JONATHAN (O.S.)
(into phone)
Can't talk now, Rox. Pick you up at eight.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

As Roxie hangs up, Antonio's face pops INTO FRAME, looking over Roxie's shoulders and down towards her chest. She slaps him away again.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Antonio feigns innocence and points to an open newspaper on Roxie's desk.

ANTONIO
I was just trying to get a look at the ad for Prince and Company. It is to laugh.

ROXIE
I almost feel a tinge of pity for everyone there. Illustra is going to bury that store.

ANTONIO
(changing the subject)
I've seen him pick you up. That little pissant. You can't tell me that he's satisfying you sexually.

ROXIE
That's none of your business.

ANTONIO
I'd like to make it my business. I'd love to sink my teeth into your little bottom. Could I just take a bite? One bite?

She slaps him again, this time harder.

ANTONIO
(continuing; suddenly all business)
Yes, well, we have these reports that must go out by noon.

CUT TO:

21 INT. PRINCE & CO. - LINGERIE COUNTER - DAY

A very pretty, fast talking, buxom high school GIRL is standing at the counter as Jonathan rolls his cart up.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

GIRL
Excuse me. Is there like a salesgirl anywhere? This place is a tomb.

JONATHAN
Well, I'm not really supposed to...

GIRL
Please? My mother refuses to open a charge account at Illustra, so I'm like marooned here.

Jonathan looks around. The coast is clear.

JONATHAN
(eager as ever)
Okay. What do you need?

GIRL
My mother insists that I wear a bra.

JONATHAN
Oh.
(beat)
Well, Prince and Company has been holding up the American woman for one hundred years. Let's see what we've got.

He bends down under the counter and begins tossing assorted bras onto the counter. It looks like an eruption of Mt. Maidenform as the neat display is turned into a disaster area.

He stands up as the girl examines a black half-cup model.

JONATHAN
You look pretty healthy. What size are you?

GIRL
I'm not sure. How about this?

She holds a sheer lace bra up to her breast and turns her profile to Jonathan.

JONATHAN
Nice, but it virtually eliminates trampolining as a sport for you. How about this?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

He picks up a more appropriate bra and innocently models it on his own chest.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Unseen by Jonathan, Mr. Richards is walking down the aisle on his afternoon inspection tour. He takes one look at the devastation of the lingerie department and at Jonathan modeling the brassiere, and shakes his head in disbelief and disgust.

RICHARDS
Evidently I've made an error in judgement.

Jonathan's excited expression immediately fades as he slowly lowers the bra and sets in on the counter.

JONATHAN
(depressed)
I know, I've done it again. I've blown another job.

Richards flashes a Machiavellian smile.

RICHARDS
On the contrary, Switcher, I'm going to promote you. It's obvious that your special talents should be seen by the world.

DISSOLVE TO:

22 INT. PRINCE & CO. - WINDOW DISPLAY - ANGLE ON JONATHAN - NIGHT

JONATHAN
Hi, I'm the new window dresser, Jonathan Switcher.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jonathan's addressing CURTIS "HOLLYWOOD" MONTROSE. Prince & Co.'s flamboyant, effeminate black window dresser, who is always colorfully attired in the latest Melrose Avenue fashions. Hollywood talks a mile-a-minute, following a logic known only to himself. He's in the process of setting up a Spring "Town and Country" scene, and the window is in disarray.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

HOLLYWOOD
Set it down, honey. So you're Mr. Lingerie?

JONATHAN
You put on two bras and right away you're labeled for life...

HOLLYWOOD
No matter, no matter. You're working for me now and you're going to be a star.

JONATHAN
Y'know, this looks like something I'd really be interested in doing. If Michelangelo were alive today, he might be dressing windows.

HOLLYWOOD
An epiphany if I ever heard one. We're going to have so much fun. I'm going to take you under my wing and we are just going to soar.

Jonathan isn't sure what to make of all this, but is willing to give it a try.

JONATHAN
Well, what can I do?

Hollywood suddenly breaks down crying. Jonathan stands there completely embarrassed and bewildered.

JONATHAN
(continuing)
What's the matter? What did I say?

HOLLYWOOD
(through his sobs)
Albert left me, that bitch! He says my thighs are fat. Do my thighs look fat to you?

JONATHAN
No. Not at all... How often do we change these windows?

HOLLYWOOD
He called me Cellulite City... in bed. Maybe I could have my hips lifted.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

JONATHAN
I don't think you have to do that. A diet could...

HOLLYWOOD
I can't stay away from those jelly doughnuts. It's like you and underwear.

JONATHAN
There's really been a misunderstanding...

HOLLYWOOD
(fussing with one of the mannequins)
Any of your friends ever been vacuumed out? Those Beverly Hills doctors just cut you up and suck out those fat cells.

JONATHAN
(humoring)
Sounds nice. Listen, maybe I don't belong here.

Hollywood suddenly brightens up as if nothing previously had happened.

HOLLYWOOD
Nonsense, we're going to have fun, fun, fun. Now, go down to Window Three and bring me Beauty.

JONATHAN
Pardon me?

HOLLYWOOD
Beauty is one of the mannequins.

JONATHAN
Oh, yeah.

HOLLYWOOD
If you work here long enough, honey, you'll give them names too.

JONATHAN
Got it. By the way, what's your name?

In one well-practiced move, Hollywood whips out a pair of sunglasses, suavely slides them on his face and flashes a ten thousand watt grin.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (3)

HOLLYWOOD
Hollywood -- Hollywood Montrose!

DISSOLVE TO:

23 INT. PRINCE & CO. - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

The main floor is deserted, the lights are turned down low. There is a strong air of mystery as we hear Jonathan's voice grow louder. He's in a mischievous mood, having fun.

JONATHAN (O.S.)
Not only are you beautiful, but you're a really great listener to.

Jonathan comes INTO VIEW carrying the striking mannequin who was looking at him through the window that rainy night.

JONATHAN
(continuing)
Wait a minute. I know you... Yeah. Last night in the window. I'm working nights now. We're really going to have a chance to get to know each other. Oh boy, talking to dummies. If I wasn't crazy before, give me a week of this.

Jonathan stops short as he hears a CHAIN RATTLE O.S. He looks around: nothing.

JONATHAN
(continuing)
Hello?

No answer. He starts to walk, then hears the CHAIN RATTLE O.S. again, this time closer. Spooked, he sets off at a near run.

MAN (O.S.)
(threatening)
Just where do ya think you're going, young fella?

Jonathan stops dead as a security guard, FELIX, steps out out from a shadow. Felix is the night watchman, a mean, stupid son-of-a-bitch. On the end of a chain leash is Felix's bulldog, who sports a vicious spiked collar. This is another one of those cases where master and dog look alike.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

Jonathan sets the mannequin down.

JONATHAN
(startled)
I -- I'm the new window dresser. I'm helping Hollywood.

FELIX
Oh, the little mary has an assistant now. Where do you people come from?

JONATHAN
Ohio.

FELIX
I suppose they have them there too. What's your name, boy?

JONATHAN
Jonathan Switcher.

FELIX
Oh yeah. Mr. Richards told me all about you. Welcome to Prince and Company.

JONATHAN
Thank you. You here every night?

FELIX
Yeppa... just me and...
(re his dog)
... Rambo.

JONATHAN
Rambo?

FELIX
Yeah. I call him that because he likes to draw first blood.

JONATHAN
Great. I feel really safe.

FELIX
You just watch where you put your hands on those mannequins.
(to really sell his point)
They're my daughters.

Jonathan takes his arms from around her waist and holds her by the arms.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

FELIX
(continuing)
You wouldn't want Rambo takin' a dislike to ya, would ya?

CLOSE ON RAMBO

He BARKS viciously.

BACK TO FELIX

FELIX
(smiling to Jonathan)
Uh oh.

CUT TO:

24 INT. WINDOW DISPLAY - NIGHT

Hollywood's standing on a prop tree stump as he ties a scarf around a mannequin's head. Jonathan is handing him clothes, pin, and accessories.

HOLLYWOOD
... the night watchman, Felix? Oh, he's just got a bad case of Miami Vice. That man has got a stick so far up his behind, King Arthur couldn't pull it out.

JONATHAN
Listen, I promised my girlfriend I'd take her out tonight. Do you think we'll be working much later?

HOLLYWOOD
This isn't work. This is art. You don't rush art.

Hollywood suddenly breaks into tears again.

JONATHAN
Oh my God. What's wrong? What is it now?

HOLLYWOOD
Albert. I've got to find him and see him. Talk to him. I have my whole life tied up in that man. You finish this, honey.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

JONATHAN
Me? But I don't know what I'm doing!

HOLLYWOOD
Go with your instincts.

ANGLE ON JONATHAN

He looks around the half-finished window display.

JONATHAN
(doubtful)
I'm really not so sure --

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jonathan stops when he realizes that Hollywood is already gone.

Jonathan picks up the casual skirt and blouse Hollywood has left for the beautiful manneguin. He looks at the clothes and then at the elegantly-dressed manneguin.

JONATHAN
This is a test. He wants to see what I can do under pressure.

He drops to one knee.

JONATHAN
(continuing; to manneguin)
M'lady.

He takes her shoes off, then notices he's being watched by three businessmen on the street.

Jonathan gets up and walks out the door.

ANGLE ON THE BUSINESSMEN

as they wait for the show to continue.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jonathan returns with a large roll of brown paper and covers the window as the businessmen throw up their hands in protest.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

JONATHAN
(calling out)
Try an adult bookstore.

Jonathan goes back to work. He hikes up the mannequin's dress to her upper thighs so that he can remove her stocking. On his knees, he unsnaps the sheer stocking from the garter. He wraps both hands tightly around the smooth thigh so as not to tear the delicate material and begins slowly inching down her perfect legs. This is actually beginning to excite him.

JONATHAN
(continuing)
Look at me. I'm a mahogany-philiac.

ANGLE ON JONATHAN

Suddenly a hand drops INTO FRAME and rests on his shoulder. Jonathan, practically startled right out of his skin, doesn't look up. The hand starts rubbing his shoulder.

JONATHAN
Look, Hollywood, don't get the wrong impression. I'm a regular guy... a burly, girl-hungry kind of guy.

He looks at the hand, then looks up.

Jonathan is momentarily paralyzed with shock when he realizes that he is holding the thigh of the most beautiful woman he has ever seen. The mannequin has come to life, sent by the gods into the future to find the right time and the right man. We'll call her EMMY.

EMMY
Don't stop -- that felt wonderful.

Jonathan falls back flat on his behind. He scrambles backwards across the floor until he hits the window. He stares at her in total disbelief. Emmy stretches languorously, shaking the outer extremities of her limbs as if she'd been standing in one position for too long. Jonathan is so shocked and at a loss that it is almost impossible to form words.

EMMY
(continuing;
re: new clothes)
I am so glad we're finally getting into springwear.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3)

He keeps blinking his eyes hoping the vision will disappear.

JONATHAN
Go away! Go away!

EMMY
I'm not a vision, Jonathan. I'm real.

JONATHAN
Oh, God. Don't let me be the one out of every three Americans struck by mental illness.

EMMY
My name is Emmatogenos. But you can call me Emmy.

JONATHAN
(to himself)
Okay, maybe this is just from not eating; then I got hit by the sign. Okay... talk. Talk and it'll go away.
(to Emmy)
I'm Jonathan. You're...

EMMY
Emmy.

JONATHAN
That's a very interesting name. I don't know why I picked that one, but it is nice. Emmy, what do you want from me?

EMMY
I dunno. You seem like you'd be fun.

JONATHAN
Well I am that, no question. But there's a lot of fun guys here. This is L.A.! Where'd you come from?

EMMY
Crete. Zeus took me away. I was about to be married to a terrible man.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (4)

JONATHAN
Wow, I have a vivid imagination. So let me get this straight. You're an ancient Greek girl who has been a mannequin for three thousand years...

EMMY
Before that a statue.

JONATHAN
Of course. And now you've come to life in 1986 because you've found a fun guy. And me, I'm in the twilight zone.

EMMY
Do you like the new Subaru? I think they've ruined it.

Jonathan takes a new tack -- just laughing it off.

JONATHAN
This is probably good for me. I should start dating other women. Who knows where this could lead? Maybe even marriage. What do you think we should call our first kid. I kinda like Pinnochio.

EMMY
You are fun.

JONATHAN
Hey, I'm gonna create someone who doesn't like me?

EMMY
C'mon, I've been standing around long enough. Show me the whole store.

She charges off into the store.

JONATHAN
(still trying to rationalize)
I've been too hard on myself, that's it.

He blinks again, she's gone.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (5)

JONATHAN
(continuing;
relieved)
Oh, thank God! I was seeing things.

EMMY (O.S.)
Come on!

After a moment of confused hesitation, Jonathan follows the voice.

DISSOLVE TO:

25 INT. PRINCE & CO. - PROP SHOP - NIGHT

In the room where new props for the window displays are built and old props are stored, Emmy is excitedly examining all the tools and gadgets in the shop. Jonathan just watches her, still in awe. Emmy flips a SWITCH ON a table saw and jumps back in amazement at the speed. She turns it off and in the same move TURNS ON an electric belt sander which Jonathan happens to be leaning against. He barely manages not to lose the seat of his pants for the second time that day. She picks up a pneumatic nail driver and examines it.

EMMY
What's this?

Emmy tries the trigger on the nail gun -- BAM!!! A nail imbeds itself in the wall right next to Jonathan's head. Jonathan whimpers. He runs to her and grabs the gun away from her.

JONATHAN
Haunt me all you want, but don't touch the equipment.

EMMY
The things I could have done with these tools.

JONATHAN
Oh, you like to work with your hands, do you?

EMMY
Oh yes. I love to build and invent things. When I was seventeen, I made a pair of wings.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

JONATHAN
(humoring)
And I'm sure you flew.

EMMY
I would have, but I had to get married that afternoon.

JONATHAN
I'll bet all of Crete was abuzz over you.

EMMY
My mother prayed every night to the gods to change me, but they don't work that way.

JONATHAN
Yes, well, that Zeus, he's a scamp all right. Tell me, what were the petting rituals in Ancient Greece?

Emmy looks at Jonathan who suddenly becomes self-conscious. She then looks up toward the heavens.

EMMY
He doesn't believe. What can I do to show him?

JONATHAN
Who you talking to now?

A big smile crosses Emmy's face. It is as if her question has been answered from above. She turns back to Jonathan.

EMMY
What other fascinating things do they have in the store?

JONATHAN
Prince and Company has everything. What price range were you thinking of?

EMMY
(excited)
I'll help you dress the window.

JONATHAN
(hands to face)
No, no, no! They'll fire me. You're a mannequin, you'll always have work.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

EMMY
C'mon, it'll be fun.

She dashes out of the room.

JONATHAN
(to the heavens)
Please, Zeus, stop her, would you?
I can't hold down a job!

CUT TO:

26 INT. ROXIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Roxie has evidently spent some time getting dressed up for tonight. She flips impatiently through an Italian Vogue on the bed in her tastefully-furnished studio apartment.

Roxie looks at her watch, annoyed, and tosses the magazine aside. She reaches for the phone and dials Jonathan's number. While she waits for an answer, the picks up the remote control for her little Sony TV and turns it ON.

The familiar MTV THEME comes ON, and then a ROCK VIDEO BEGINS: a heavy-metal band screaming "All Dressed Up With No Place To Go." Roxie angrily snaps the TV OFF and slams down the phone, an expression of seething indignation on her face.

CUT TO:

27 INT. PRINCE & CO. - STOCKROOM - SAME TIME

Felix and Rambo are making their rounds. Felix, a newspaper in hand, stops in front of the employees' men's room in the stockroom.

FELIX
Rambo, sit.

Rambo does.

FELIX
(continuing)
'Be out in about an hour and a half. Call me if you need me.

Felix enters the men's room. Rambo lies down. Suddenly, a NOISE catches his attention. He lifts his ears, listening carefully.

CUT TO:

28 INT. PRINCE & CO. - 2ND FLOOR WOMEN'S FASHIONS - SAME TIME

Jonathan's pushing a stockroom cart filled with the results of scrounging through the Hardware and Hobby Departments -- tools, cables, pulleys, paint cans, a fan, a set of vertical blinds, and more. He's towing a power lawnmower with his other hand.

EMMY
This is going to be wonderful.

JONATHAN
Yeah... uh, what's the lawnmower for?

Emmy spots a sexy strapless evening gown.

EMMY
There, that's the kind of dress we should have in the window.

She runs to the dress, takes it off the rack. She undoes her dress. It drops to the floor. Emmy has the kind of body and skin that inspire men to go off in ships and make fools of themselves.

JONATHAN
Hey, don't do that!

He puts his hand to his face.

EMMY
Why not?

JONATHAN
No, no, I'm not going to do this to myself... I'm just not going to put myself through this.

He peeks through his fingers as Emmy is sliding into the new dress.

JONATHAN
(continuing)
Good... God!

She zips it up and models for him.

JONATHAN
(continuing)
Who are you?

Emmy smiles and moves off.

Jonathan, transfixed, begins to walk after her and trips over the cord, knocking the lawnmower over.

CUT TO:

29 & 30 OMITTED

31 INT. ROXIE'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Still in her clothes, Roxie's fallen asleep on the bed. "TWISTED SISTER" BLASTS ON the MTV in contrast to the early morning stillness and TWITTER OF BIRDS.

CUT TO:

32 INT. PRINCE & CO. - MORNING

CLOSE ON Jonathan, fast asleep in a corner of the window. We hear the SOUNDS OF EARLY MORNING TRAFFIC. This awakens Jonathan. He shakes the sleep from his eyes, then looks up with a start.

JONATHAN'S POV

Using a lot of imagination and some technical ingenuity, Emmy and Jonathan have created a new form of window display: the usual frozen images in a tableaux have been replaced by movement and spectacle.

Emmy, a mannequin once again, stands in a line of female manneguins, all identically dressed in the glamorous evening gowns. On one side of the window stands a group of fashionably-dressed male manneguins, on the other side is a group sporting a rugged, all-American Bruce Springsteen look.

A system of cables and pulleys powered by the lawnmower's engine is rigged so that the female manneguins turn first towards one group and then to the other. This action is synchronized with the slats on the vertical blinds behind them, which flip 180 degrees, revealing on one side a stylized painting of a chic nightclub and on the other, a darkly romantic ocean and full moon. Wind from a fan ruffles the Bruce Springsteen-types hair and the leaves on a prop tree behind them. MOVE IN ON Emmy's face, her mischievous smile frozen in place.

BACK TO JONATHAN

He can't believe it. He looks outside. A derelict is staring into the window, openmouthed.

Jonathan crawls to his feet. Maybe the whole thing has been a bad dream, maybe not.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

But right now he just wants to get out of there. He runs from the window, as we:

CUT TO:

33 EXT. ROXIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

Roxie, dressed for work and carrying her fashionable attache case, exits her building and walks to the curb where Antonio is sitting in his IDLING Camaro convertible.

ANTONIO
Hey, you look good enough to eat.

ROXIE
(an ultimatum)
I can walk to work.

ANTONIO
Get in.

She starts to get in as a bleary-eyed Jonathan pulls up on his FLATULENT BSA.

JONATHAN
Roxie! Wait!

ROXIE
(arch)
Oh, I thought our plans were for eight last night. My mistake.

JONATHAN
Please, Roxie, I've got to talk to you.

ANTONIO
Get lost, my friend. The doggone girl is mine.

ROXIE
Jonathan, I really don't think I have anything to say to you.

JONATHAN
I need your help.

He turns her away from Antonio.

JONATHAN
(continuing)
Something happened last night. I really think I'm going crazy.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

ROXIE
I'm late for work.

JONATHAN
Roxie, I heard voices! I heard more than voices, I saw things that I know couldn't have happened.

ROXIE
Where were you last night? You look like you slept in the street.

JONATHAN
Prince and Company. I'm working there as a window dresser.

ROXIE
That was the big job? Prince and Company? One more month, they'll be out of business.

In the background, Antonio leans in to hear the conversation.

JONATHAN
Roxie, I'm scared.

ROXIE
What did you see? What happened?

JONATHAN
Okay... this is gonna sound absolutely nuts, but here goes. I was undressing a mannequin and it came to life! She started talking to me! She knew who I was! She even stripped in front of me!

ANTONIO
(to Roxie)
Apparently you don't satisfy <u>him</u> sexually either.

Roxie slaps Antonio away.

JONATHAN
I woke up this morning and she was gone. Just her mannequin was there... In the middle of a display... lawnmower and everything!
(to the heavens)
What the hell happened last night?!

Roxie looks at him for a bit, considers, then:

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

ROXIE
Jonathan, you could have told me you just decided to stand me up. But instead you come here on drugs feigning insanity. Do you think that little of me? Am I that stupid in your eyes?

JONATHAN
(yelling)
I'm not on drugs! I'm insane!

People are now starting to look out of their windows and stop in the street. An embarrassed Roxie turns to Antonio.

ROXIE
Antonio, let's go.

ANTONIO
To the office or my place?

She slaps him yet again.

ANTONIO
(continuing)
Oh, my Roxie, you become more of a bitch every day. Should I back over his little putt-putt?

ROXIE
Just go!

They roar off, leaving Jonathan standing there.

DISSOLVE TO:

34 EXT. PRINCE & CO. - EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE - DAY

Jonathan's on the pay phone by the employees' entrance. Through the following conversation, various employees stop and give Jonathan odd looks as they overhear pieces of his conversation.

JONATHAN
(into phone)
Mom, when I was growing up, did I ever do anything really <u>really</u> strange?... Yeah, I know I was always different. I expect a lot... Let me ask you this, is there any history of insanity in the family?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Grandma and Grandpa weren't like half brother and sister, were they?... No, really, I'm fine. You know, you're alone a lot -- you start inventing things... women, a beautiful woman...
(smiling)
Actually the most fun I've had in years. No, no, you don't have to come out. I'm over twenty-one, I can commit myself... Just kidding! Just kidding!... I've found a job. A wonderful job. I might quit it today... Yeah, I might take a vacation, come home, see you and Dad. What about Dad? Is he acting okay?... Uh-huh... Well, good talking to you, Mom... Yes, I'll call more often. I know it's always reassuring to hear from me.

He hangs up the phone, grins embarrassedly at three female saleswomen -- TINA, LUPE and MRS. THOMAS -- who are staring curiously at him, and heads around the corner.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. PRINCE & CO. - ANGLE ON A LARGE CROWD - DAY

CLOSE UP ON an assortment of faces, their expressions running the gamut from confusion to delight, but all irresistibly drawn by the wondrous sight they're beholding.

Jonathan walks up to hear everyone muttering about how unusual this window display is.

Jonathan looks in. It is still there, along with Emmy.

Hollywood stands inside admiring the work. He looks out and catches Jonathan's eye. The expression on Hollywood's face is "How?" Jonathan smiles sheepishly and kind of shrugs his shoulders.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. ILLUSTRA - DAY

The flashy department store presents a vivid contrast to the timeless style of Prince & Co.

CUT TO:

37 INT. ILLUSTRA - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

R.J. Wert is surveying his domain, the pride of the Illustra chain. About forty years old, R.J. looks like he's spent too much time in the fast lane, but in fact he's a shrewd and tough businessman.

The main floor is garish and loud. And crowded -- salespeople cater to swarms of status-seeking shoppers. Roxie walks up to R.J., holding some order forms.

ROXIE
Excuse me, R.J., would you initial these orders for me?

R.J. glances at the forms.

R.J.
Of course, Roxie.
(then)
Was that your boyfriend I saw you ride off with a couple of nights ago?

ROXIE
No... hardly, just a friend. Funny thing, he's now working for Prince and Company.

R.J.
Poor fellow, I pity him. By the time we're finished with Prince and Company, Illustra will be acquiring it for a tenth of its potential value. Y'know, Roxie, I haven't told you, but I've been quite impressed with your work.

ROXIE
Thank you, R.J.

R.J.
You're developing into exactly the kind of person that I want on my team.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

R.J. (CONT'D)
This regional manager business is just a pit stop for me. I'll be able to write my own ticket to the top after that. With this store and then another Illustra downtown, the sky's the limit.

ROXIE
An Illustra downtown?

R.J.
Prince and Company. It's the best location in the city and those people are sitting on it like a bunch of zombies. With my marketing skills and the buying power of the Illustra chain, I'll do triple the volume of this store -- and this is the highest grossing Illustra in the world!

He picks up a sweater from a nearby counter.

R.J.
(continuing)
See this? Prince and Company calls this a wool sweater and sells it for twenty-eight dollars. I take the exact same sweater, add some mumbo-jumbo about natural dyes, mountain sheep in the Outer Hebrides, and craftsmen weaving in their cottages -- and I mark it up to seventy-five dollars. And I'll sell a dozen for every one Prince and Company can. They don't deserve the location, Roxie. Who knows, when things get going I'll need someone to watch this store. Keep up the good work, dear.

Surprised and delighted at the prospect, Roxie can barely contain herself. Just then one of the Effete Executives that we met earlier comes dashing up.

EFFETE EXECUTIVE
R.J., you won't believe it! Prince and Company has the most incredible window. I'm talking fabulouso! People are lined up outside to get a peek.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

R.J.
(incredulous)
What?!

EFFETE EXECUTIVE
I just passed there on my way back from my electrolysis. It's the most amazing thing I've ever seen!

He sees R.J. expression darken ominously.

EFFETE EXECUTIVE
(continuing; nervous)
Well, it really wasn't that great. It was... interesting... in a jejune sense, at best.

R.J. turns abruptly and walks away.

EFFETE EXECUTIVE
(continuing)
Roxie, you should have seen it. It was a high-tech masterpiece. I'm still shaking.

R.J.
Prince and Company downtown?

EFFETE EXECUTIVE
Yes, spring fashion! Why, who would have thought? And there's even a lawn mower in it!

He moves off, leaving Roxie to ponder.

CUT TO:

38 INT. PRINCE & CO. - RICHARDS OFFICE - DAY

An anxious Richards is on the phone.

RICHARDS
(into phone)
I-I-I don't know who could've made him a window dresser, R.J. --

39 INT. ILLUSTRA - R.J.'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

R.J.'s alone in his slick executive suite. (NOTE: We INTERCUT BETWEEN him and Richards' Office.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

R.J.
(into phone)
Richards, what the hell do I pay you for?! You know you'll never take old lady Timkin's place if there's any hitch in this deal going through? I've planned this too long to have it ruined by some snot-nosed punk.

RICHARDS
(into phone)
I can handle him.

R.J.
(into phone)
I meant you.

RICHARDS
(into phone)
I wouldn't worry about it, R.J. The board is going to approve the sale today. From there it's clear sailing.

DISSOLVE TO:

40 INT. PRINCE & CO. - BOARDROOM - DAY

Jonathan stands before Timkin, Richards and the BOARD OF TRUSTEES, which is composed to elected representatives from the store employees.

TIMKIN
Now, Jonathan, we all want to be fair here. What possessed you to create such a display?

JONATHAN
(buying time)
Pardon me?

OLDER MAN
What in the name of God was going through your head when you came up with that thing?!

JONATHAN
Well, that depends... Did you like it?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

TIMKIN
Please, Jonathan. We're very interested.

JONATHAN
Well... having studied a lot of art, I've always been struck by the dichotomy between the Forties Art Deco scene and the post-war modernist industrial genre that is seen primarily on the East Coast... New Jersey. To give an example -- what if Bruce Springsteen were to appear at the Cotton Club? What if Duke Ellington were to play out in the middle of the Jersey Turnpike?... You see? The sublime and the ugly in a cacophony of movement and contrast.

Starting to buy this balloon juice himself, he moves about room.

JONATHAN
(continuing)
Now, I don't know how many of you are devotees of Pablo Picasso, a man whose work has been called genius by some and heresy by others. Those of you who are, will see his influence along with that of... Papa Doo Run Run... the noted primitive... Mandinka artist and... headhunter.

He looks around at everyone's faces. They are all just confused.

JONATHAN
(continuing; a new tack)
It seemed kind of neat at the time.

There is a long beat of silence, then:

TIMKIN
Thank you, Jonathan. You may wait outside now.

Jonathan nods to the group and leaves the room. Richards stands up.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

RICHARDS
The arrogance! Who does that guttersnipe think he's fooling? That window is an affront to the dignity of this store. I'll have it taken down immediately and then I'll make sure that lunatic never works in this town again!

Richards sits down, smiling smugly.

Timkin stands up.

TIMKIN
Mr. Richards, I couldn't disagree more. I don't know a store in the country that has a finer staff, merchandise, or more respect for the customer than Prince and Company. Our problem, in this day and age, has been getting people to see that for themselves. If it means taking an eccentric approach with bold window displays, then I'm all for them and for this young man. I take him as a gift from the gods.

BLACK WOMAN
Mrs. Timkin, I'm afraid it's too little, too late. As elected representatives it is our duty to protect the best interests of our fellow employees. Illustra has made us a firm offer. We have no choice but to accept it.

RICHARDS
I'm afraid I second the motion.

TIMKIN
I'm sure there's not an employee in this store who couldn't use a windfall of a few thousand dollars, but if we can turn this store around and make it successful again, their shares will be worth ten times what Illustra is offering. But most importantly, Prince and Company has become a way of life for all of us. It's the last of the independents, and if we sell out, it's all over.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (3)

RICHARDS
(innocently)
I honestly believe that Illustra would not make a single change here that I wouldn't make myself.

TIMKIN
All I'm asking is that we delay the sale until we see what this young man might be able to do for us.

Timkin beams proudly.

TIMKIN
(continuing)
All in favor of postponing the sale...

All hands go up immediately, except Richards.

RICHARDS
All opposed...

Richards is the only dissenting vote.

Timkin calls Jonathan in. The board members file out, except for Richards, who lingers by the door.

TIMKIN
Jonathan, good news. We've decided to keep you on.

JONATHAN
Really?

TIMKIN
Yes. There was some objection, but we believe in you. You're a very talented, gifted young man.

JONATHAN
Mrs. Timkin, listen, last night might have just been an inspiration. I can't really guarantee that I can keep doing it... or do it ever again.

TIMKIN
Oh, Jonathan, don't doubt yourself. Go with it! Feel it! You're doing the job you were meant to do. We need you. We're depending on you.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (4)

She moves on. Jonathan stops. Richards approaches.

RICHARDS
You must lead a charmed life. It was all I could do to save your skin in there. That's right, you're staying. No thanks are necessary.

He puts his arm around Jonathan and starts to walk him out of the office.

CUT TO:

41 OMITTED

42 INT. PRINCE & CO. - Night

The store is now closed. Felix (Rambo at his side) is letting out employees. The last to exit is Richards.

FELIX
Evening, Mr. Richards.

RICHARDS
Felix, I want you to keep an eye on the new window dresser, Switcher.

FELIX
You suspect pilferage, sir? I'd be happy to strip search him.

RICHARDS
You people that work at night scare me. Just keep an eye on him. Let me know what he's up to, how he works.

FELIX
Yes, sir, his MOS. Would you like that in a written report?

RICHARDS
You write?

FELIX
(a little testy)
No, Rambo does.

RICHARDS
Just watch him.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

FELIX
Yes, sir.
(then)
If you have some time, I'd like to talk about the job you promised me when Illustra comes in here -- the head of security?

RICHARDS
Felix, you have my word on it, don't you?

FELIX
(unsatisfied)
Yes, sir...

RICHARDS
Good. Well, I must be running.

He exits.

FELIX
Come on, Rambo. We got a mission.

From his back pocket he removes the newspaper and starts reading the Sports Section as they walk aimlessly away.

CUT TO:

43 INT. PRINCE & CO. - EMMY'S WINDOW DISPLAY - NIGHT

Outside the downtown streets are deserted as Jonathan approaches the manneguin of Emmy. He stares at her, then:

JONATHAN
Hello... It's me, Jonathan.

There is no response from the mannequin. He touches her, rubs her arm, looks around, grabs her fanny -- nothing.

JONATHAN
(continuing)
Isn't that always the way with hallucinations? When you really need one, it's never there.

He closes his eyes and tries concentrating, then opens them.

43A JONATHAN'S POV - CLOSEUP OF EMMY

She has now come to life again, looking even more radiant than the night before.

BACK TO SCENE

EMMY
Is there water near here? I haven't bathed in five hundred years.

JONATHAN
Emmy!

He laughs a nervous, relieved laugh.

EMMY
You remind me so much of DaVinci. He always doubted himself, too.

JONATHAN
DaVinci? You knew DaVinci?

EMMY
You're not the first, you know.

JONATHAN
There were others?

EMMY
I've tried before, but they weren't right for me.

JONATHAN
What others?

EMMY
Oh... Michelangelo, Galileo...

JONATHAN
And now, you're hanging out with me?

He follows her off into the store.

CUT TO:

44 INT. PRINCE & CO. - BATH DEPARTMENT

Emmy is luxuriating in a spa-type tub. Thick, rich bubbles ooze over the sides. Jonathan sits outside.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

JONATHAN
I think I've got this whole thing figured out. It's probably some kind of manifestation of a repressed childhood. Normal sexual expression was not a part of my adolescence. My father was the one who locked himself in the bathroom. Actually, this is probably healthy. My mind has created you as an ideal.

EMMY
I chose you.

Emmy steps out of the tub covered with bubbles. Jonathan hands her a towel.

JONATHAN
(re: Emmy)
Either way, it's a dream come true.

CUT TO:

45 INT. PRINCE & CO. - STEREO DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Jonathan and Emmy are walking down an aisle by the Stereo Department, Jonathan still transfixed. He's wearing a snazzy suit and checks the price tag on it as they walk.

JONATHAN
Mrs. Timkin was very happy with what you did last night.

EMMY
With what you did. I'm only here to inspire you.

JONATHAN
I was wondering if you could maybe help me again.

Something catches Emmy's eye.

EMMY
I know him.

Jonathan follows her as she walks over to a record display and picks up an album with a drawing of Johann Sebastian Bach on the cover.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

JONATHAN
Bach?

EMMY
He couldn't compose a single note of music unless he was wearing a full evening gown.

JONATHAN
Aw, come on.

EMMY
Were you there?

JONATHAN
Would you like to hear the record?

EMMY
No, thank you. I'm not one to dwell in the past. Let's put on something hot... I want to dance.

Emmy takes a quick look at the complex master control panel for all the stereo systems, and begins pushing buttons and flicking switches until suddenly a hot DANCE BEAT STARTS POUNDING OUT, quickly GROWING IN VOLUME as Emmy excitedly turns ON every PAIR OF SPEAKERS in the department. It sounds like a state-of-the-art dance club.

Emmy is a natural dancer and starts bopping to the beat. Jonathan joins her, but he is inhibited and dances stiffly.

EMMY
(continuing; yelling over the music)
This is supposed to be fun!

She takes his hand without missing a beat and leads him around the floor until he smiles, loosens up and gets into it. They perform a wild, happy, frenetic dance all over the department. In innocent flirtation they start trying to top each other's moves: spins, jumps, flips and so on.

MONTAGE

GO THROUGH various departments and costume changes.

ANGLE ON JONATHAN

He does a triple-spin as the RECORD ENDS, and is immediately startled by APPLAUSE FROM O.S.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLYWOOD (O.S.)
(impressed)
Shake that thing!

ANGLE - JONATHAN

He turns to face his audience:

45A JONATHAN'S POV

It's Hollywood, sunglasses and grin in place.

CLOSE ON JONATHAN

He is excited and winded from his exuberant dancing.

JONATHAN
Hollywood! Hey, great! I want you to meet somebody. This is Emmy!

Jonathan looks O.S. toward Emmy and stares, dumbfounded.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Emmy is a mannequin once again, frozen awkwardly in the middle of a dance step. Jonathan can't believe his eyes, but Hollywood only smiles and bows to Emmy.

HOLLYWOOD
Very nice. Maybe I could get GI Joe and we could double sometime.

JONATHAN
I don't know what to say.

HOLLYWOOD
Don't say nothin'. It's cool. It is obvious to this country girl that you're a major league, A-number-one, creative freak. I'm so jealous. To be free and spontaneous -- the only creative thing I ever did was change my name. It used to be Hollywood Jones.
(then)
Some people may call you strange, but me, I respect it. Create, baby, cre-ate.

(CONTINUED)

45A CONTINUED:

Hollywood leaves. As soon as he's out of sight, the MUSIC COMES ON and Emmy comes to life. Jonathan looks at her in astonishment.

JONATHAN
What's with you?

EMMY
Oh, didn't I tell you? You're the only one who can see me like this.

JONATHAN
It's not exactly fair, is it?

EMMY
(pointing to the heavens)
Talk to them.

JONATHAN
There's always a hitch.

Emmy smiles and steps in close to adjust his scarf. Jonathan breathes in the scent of her hair, her skin. The effect is clearly intoxicating.

She brushes a stray lock of hair back from his forehead. She lets her hand linger on his cheek. Their eyes roam each other's face, their heads quite close now.

EMMY
(softly)
Please, be the one.

They lean close, both feeling the attraction. They are about to kiss, but before the moment can go any further, there is a familiar RATTLE OF A CHAIN O.S. and very nearby. Jonathan turns back to Emmy. She is a mannequin.

Felix and Rambo come strolling in. Jonathan senses the situation, freezes in position as if they are two mannequins locked in an embrace.

Felix walks over to the group of mannequins and looks suspiciously at the kissing couple. Rambo starts sniffing like crazy around their legs. Felix takes his billy club and taps Emmy on the head --a WOODEN THUD. He gives the back of Jonathan's head a hard tap -- a similar WOODEN THUD. Jonathan doesn't flinch.

As Felix turns his back to them and addresses the empty store, Rambo starts tugging at Jonathan's pants leg.

(CONTINUED)

45A CONTINUED: (2)

FELIX
(calling out)
Mr. Switcher... Oh, Mr. Switcher...

Desperately trying to keep his body frozen in position, Jonathan tries to kick free of Rambo's iron grip.

ANGLE ON JONATHAN, EMMY AND RAMBO

The stubborn dog won't let go of Jonathan's leg, and he's about to lose his balance. Suddenly, Emmy comes to life and in absolute silence makes a face at Rambo. Like all bullies, Rambo is a coward at heart, and immediately lets go of Jonathan's leg and stares in horror at the mannequin who has come to life.

Jonathan is stunned but impressed. Emmy snaps back to her kissing position with him.

ANGLE ON FELIX

FELIX
Mr. Switcher... where are ya?

He stops when he hears the SOUND OF LIQUID HITTING THE FLOOR. His expression turns sour and he looks down at his leg.

FELIX
(continuing; outraged)
Rambo! What the hey?!

ANOTHER ANGLE

A highly embarrassed Rambo has had the piss scared out of him, right onto Felix's leg.

FELIX
Galldarnit, Rambo! No weekend privileges for you.

He strides off angrily, dragging the sheepish Rambo across the glossy floor.

As soon as they're out of sight, Emmy and Jonathan take off running in the opposite direction from Felix.

DISSOLVE TO:

46 OMITTED

47 INT. PRINCE & CO. - WINDOW DISPLAY - NIGHT

The roughed-in display looks like something out of a 1920's German Expressionist film, or perhaps a Herbie Hancock video. Male mannequins, dressed in navy blue suits with white scarves and sunglasses alternate with female mannequins wearing Prince & Co.'s flashiest outfits -- along a twenty-foot section of plastic pipe suspended from the ceiling. Extending forward from either end of the pipe is a chorus line consisting of female mannequin legs attached to another length of piping. Bicycle chains and sprockets are attached to all the pipes and, through a system of gears, to a ninety horsepower Mercury outboard engine borrowed from the Sports and Camping Department.

Emmy is attaching the final chain and sprocket to the propeller of the engine while Jonathan, back in his own clothes, is attaching the last female mannequin to the plastic pipe using a staple gun on the back of her dress.

EMMY
I think you've come up with a real winner.

Jonathan turns to her, not noticing that he is stapling the sleeve of his shirt and the dress to the pipe.

EMMY
(continuing)
Ready?

JONATHAN
Ready.

EMMY
Let's dance!

Emmy pushes the electric starter on the outboard and shifts it into high gear. There has been a miscalculation of the power to weight radio and the pipes, legs, mannequins and Jonathan start spinning around at an insane speed, Jonathan holding on to the mannequin for all he's worth. Emmy twists the accelerator handle in the wrong direction, which sends Jonathan spinning at double speed.

FADE OUT.

47A INT. PRINCE & CO - EMPLOYEES' AREA - DAY

Daytime employees are filing in as Jonathan heads for the exit. They give him admiring glances. Before he can get to the door, a JANITOR calls to him from a wall phone by the clock.

JANITOR
Excuse me, Mr. Smith -- phone call for you.

Puzzled, Jonathan takes the phone.

ROXIE (O.S.)
Jonathan, it's Roxie. Did I wake you?

CUT TO:

48 INT. ILLUSTRA - R.J.'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON Roxie on the phone. INTERCUT BETWEEN her and Jonathan.

ROXIE
It's ten. Jonathan, I hadn't heard from you in a couple of days. I was worried.

JONATHAN
I thought you weren't talking to me.

ROXIE
That doesn't mean you can't talk to me!

JONATHAN
(confused)
Hello?

ROXIE
Jonathan, I want to see you. I want to know that you're all right.

JONATHAN
I'm fine. Couldn't be better... Roxie, I work at night now. I need to go home and get some sleep.

ROXIE
I'm taking you to lunch today at L'Orangerie -- one o'clock. Do you know where it is?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

JONATHAN
Yeah. I was fired from there once.

ROXIE
It'll be fun. I can't wait.

JONATHAN
Me, neither.

He hangs up the phone and heads for the exit.

CLOSE ON ROXIE

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL she's in R.J. Wert's office. He stands over her shoulder.

ROXIE
That's that.

R.J.
Roxie, you're gonna go far.

They exchange a sly smile, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

49 OMITTED

50 EXT. PRINCE & CO. - DAY

A large crowd, including some of the odder characters from the day before, is pressing to get a peek at the new window, now finished and fully repaired. The leggy chorus lines kick to the BEAT of the MUSIC from a row of GHETTO BLASTERS, while the row of mannequins do a neat little sidestep in synch with the chorus lines.

Jonathan watches from the curb. He is still wearing the sunglasses and the scarf along with his regular attire.

The doors are opening for business. People are pouring into the store.

Mrs. Timkin walks up the street, sees the crowd and the window, and beams.

JONATHAN
Morning, Mrs. T.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

She approaches him.

TIMKIN
Good morning, Jonathan.

JONATHAN
What do you think? It's hot, isn't it? I mean, "Melt Down"!

TIMKIN
(awkwardly trying to be hip)
Oh, yes, hot... smoking... It's burning... churning.

Very pleased, she does her best to strut into the store. Pleased with himself as well, Jonathan gets on his BSA and rides off.

51 EXT. L'ORANGERIE RESTAURANT - COURTYARD PATIO - DAY

Roxie is seated at a table in the elegant outdoor garden area, framed by hanging plants and terraces. Jonathan, wearing a jacket, his scarf and sunglasses, approaches a tuxedoed MAITRE D' sporting a bad toupee.

MAITRE D'
Yes, sir.

JONATHAN
Hiya, Hans. I see you're wearing your nighttime hair at lunch now!

Hans now recognizes him.

MAITRE D'
(distastefully)
You! The Flambe Terrorist! Will you not be satisfied until you burn the whole place down?

JONATHAN
I was just trying to show the customer a little flair.

ROXIE (O.S.)
Jonathan...

He looks up and spots her.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

MAITRE D'
You're here to dine?

JONATHAN
(straightening Hans' tie)
That's right, Hans, old boy. By the way, the eyebrows are growing back nicely.

Jonathan heads for the table. Roxie greets him with a polite kiss.

ROXIE
Jonathan, I almost didn't recognize you.

JONATHAN
You, too, you've gotten darker... Oh, it's the glasses.

He takes his sunglasses off, and they sit.

ROXIE
I love this place. It's so romantic.

JONATHAN
Yes.
(then)
They've rebuilt the terrace. Boy, it went up like a Roman candle.

ROXIE
Jonathan, it seems I was all wrong about you. I didn't give you much of a chance. But I have a way of making it up to you. How would you like to be the chief window dresser for Illustra?

JONATHAN
You're kidding?

ROXIE
Look, Jonathan, the word is out. You're hot. Can you imagine being at Illustra? Illustra.

JONATHAN
They want me?

ROXIE
We want you.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

JONATHAN
(after a beat)
What if I told you I had a little help.

ROXIE
There's two of you? Fine. Whoever it is, they can come along.

JONATHAN
What if I told you it was a very beautiful woman?

ROXIE
I wouldn't care. Not in the least.

Jonathan considers this, then:

JONATHAN
Roxie, I'm reeling.

ROXIE
(beaming)
I thought you would be.

JONATHAN
But I can't do it.

ROXIE
(unaffected)
You'll start Monday. We'll work together...

JONATHAN
You're not listening...

ROXIE
You can drive me to work every day...

JONATHAN
Roxie, I'm not taking the job!

ROXIE
(sinking in)
What? Why not?

JONATHAN
If I'm anything, I'm loyal.

He starts to get up.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

ROXIE
Jonathan, you're not seriously turning me down?

JONATHAN
You were right. I'm not the same guy I used to be. I've finally found a place where I belong.

As he tries to leave with a little flair, he accidentaly knocks over a waiter carrying a flaming flambe. The tray flies into the terrace area starting a small fire. Pandemonium ensues.

JONATHAN
(calling out)
It's just a little one! Don't panic!

A flustered Hans (the Maitre D') approaches. People are running from their tables.

Jonathan takes the toupe from Hans' head and starts to pound out the fire as we:

CUT TO:

52 INT. PRINCE & CO. - RICHARDS' OFFICE - DUSK

OPEN ON Rambo cowering in the corner in a fetal position, an icepack on his head.

FELIX (O.S.)
There's something strange going on in that store at night, Mr. Richards. Look at Rambo. Every time he sees a mannequin, he gets so scared his little pug tail comes out his mouth. My dog is useless.

CAMERA PULLS BACK. Richards sits at his desk across from an agitated Felix.

RICHARDS
Felix, you were in the war, weren't you.?

FELIX
Airborne, yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

RICHARDS
I knew it, you were one of those rare individuals that would jump out of a plane and land on your face.

FELIX
I don't see what this has to do with my lame patrol dog, sir.

Richards leans across the table.

RICHARDS
Isn't it obvious. Mr. Switcher is behind all of this?

FELIX
Nothin's ever obvious to me.

RICHARDS
A man who is an eternal failure is putting together the most magnificent window displays in this town.

FELIX
It does seem suspicious.

RICHARDS
You say you hear voices and there's no one there?

FELIX
Yes, sir. Just him and the mannequins.

RICHARDS
Is someone helping him? Is he a ventriloquist? Is he some kind of mad genius?

FELIX
Good questions all, sir.

RICHARDS
(pounding his fist on the table)
Find out the answers!

FELIX
Yes, sir.
(beat)
What about my dog?

53 INT. PRINCE & CO. - MAIN FLOOR - CLOSING TIME - NIGHT

The last of the employees are exiting for the night. Felix is there by the door, Rambo now seated in a little red wagon. As the last employees exit, Felix locks the door.

FELIX
Come on, Rambo. We got us some surveillin' to do.

Felix starts off, towing Rambo and the wagon behind him.

CAMERA PANS as they cross past the costume jewelry department.

CAMERA HOLDS on the display case. There is a headless bust displaying a strand of pearls.

When the coast is clear, Antonio's head pops up from behind the bust, making it appear that the pearls are on his body.

ANTONIO
We are alone.

Roxie peeks up from behind the counter.

ROXIE
You have the camera?

ANTONIO
Yes.

ROXIE
Okay, we find them, get a picture of whoever this woman is, and get out.

ANTONIO
I don't know about you, but I've always wanted to make love in the middle of the ladies shoe department. The smell of fine leather.

He breathes in deeply.

ANTONIO
(continuing; suggestively)
Can I show you something in your size?

She slaps him.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

ANTONIO
(continuing)
Oh. You mean you took me seriously?

ROXIE
Let's go. This is for Illustra.

ANTONIO
Long live Illustra.

Roxie crawls off on her hands and knees. Antonio picks up the camera with its telephoto lens and snaps her behind.

CLOSE UP OF EMMY'S BARE TOES - SWIMWEAR DEPT.

Digging in some clean white sand. MUSIC can be heard from a TRANSISTOR RADIO O.S.

EMMY (O.S.)
We deserve a vacation.

The CAMERA MOVES along her naked legs, past her perfect thighs, along the curve of her hip (where we discover she's wearing an incredibly sexy bathing suit) past her firm stomach and breasts, to her face, which is beaded with little drops of perspiration. She leans on her elbow.

EMMY
The sun's pretty strong. Let me put some oil on you.

JONATHAN (O.S.)
Mmmmmmmmm, sounds good.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Reveals that they are:

54 INT. PRINCE & CO. - SWIMWEAR DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

On a little strip of sand with a painted backdrop of blue skies and palm trees, they've spread a couple of beach towels out and borrowed a transistor radio from the stereo department. A couple of tall, cool summer drinks add a touch of luxury. Three mannequins who usually occupy the space have been moved to one side.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

The "sun" is provided by an array of heat lamps and sun lamps arranged around the "beach."

Jonathan lies on his back in a pair of gaudy Hawaiian-style trunks. Emmy begins to massage him in a highly sensuous way, warming the oil in her hands before working it into his skin.

ANGLE ON JONATHAN'S FACE

The picture of contentment: eyes closed, big relaxed grin. He's never had an experience like this with a woman before. Suddenly, his eyes shoot open in rude surprise.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A giggling Emmy has poured her ice-cold drink down the front of Jonathan's bathing suit. He bolts upright.

JONATHAN
You rat! You're gonna pay for that!

He grabs the baby oil from Emmy, who is laughing so hard that she can barely move. Jonathan starts laughing too as he gets Emmy in a leg hold and begins soaking her with oil.

Still laughing, she squirms out of his greasy hold. He catches her before she can get up and they slip and slide on the floor in a extremely erotic and sensual version of Mud Wrestling. Both of their bathing suits are completely soaked through and their bodies glisten with oil.

55 INT. PRINCE & CO. ANOTHER PART OF THE STORE - SAME TIME

Felix is moving stealthly around the floor looking for Jonathan, Rambo riding behind him in the wagon. He stops when he hears the MUSIC and LAUGHTER, man and woman's coming from the distance.

FELIX
May Day, Rambo! Come on, big fella. Let's kick some heiney.

Felix dashes down the aisle yanking Rambo on the skate-board. It flies out from under Rambo and keeps on going. Rambo, YELPING for dear life.

56 INT. PRINCE & CO. - ANOTHER PART OF THE STORE - SAME TIME

Roxie and Antonio are laying low, looking for Jonathan. They hear the MUSIC and the LAUGHTER.

ROXIE
You hear that?! That must be them.

ANTONIO
I wish it was us.

ROXIE
Come on. We've got them.

They move off in the direction of the sounds.

CUT TO:

57 INT. PRINCE & CO. - SWIMWEAR DEPARTMENT - SAME TIME

Emmy's ended up on top of Jonathan. They are both out of breath from laughing and fooling around. Jonathan's got his arms around her tight.

JONATHAN
Give up?

Emmy's hair is brushing across his face. She shakes her head to fling her hair out of the way. Slowly she lowers her face towards him, her lips parted. Jonathan moves his mouth towards hers.

Emmy stops short.

EMMY
(sultry whisper)
Never.

She tries to slip out of his grip, but he's got her too tightly. Laughing, they go rolling across the floor locked in their embrace.

Suddenly they hit an unmovable object -- a pair of legs in black shoes, white socks and blue pants. Jonathan looks up.

57A JONATHAN'S POV

Past the familiar billy club slapping the open palm and up to the nasty face of Felix.

(CONTINUED)

57A CONTINUED:

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Jonathan looks at Emmy and sees she's a mannequin again.

FELIX
Mr. Switcher, you are one sick individual.

ANOTHER ANGLE

From another part of the store, Roxie and Antonio, still unnoticed, stop in the distant when they see the scene before them.

Roxie can hardly believe her eyes -- to see her old boyfriend locked in the embrace of a scantily clad, heavily oiled mannequin. The speak in whispers.

ROXIE
Oh my God!

ANTONIO
So this is the young lady he jilted you for, eh?

Antonio starts snapping pictures.

ANTONIO
(continuing)
Come on, let's leave the lovers alone.

He starts off. Roxie has practically turned into a mannequin herself. She can't take her eyes off the scene.

ROXIE
I should have listened when he asked for help.

ANTONIO
When you were making love to him, did he ever call out her name?

She slaps him and runs off. Antonio follows.

BACK TO SCENE

Felix is standing over Jonathan who is slowly disentangling himself from the mannequin of Emmy.

(CONTINUED)

57A CONTINUED: (2)

JONATHAN
This is not what you think.

FELIX
I've been around the block a time or two. I know what it is.

JONATHAN
This is how I create... get my inspiration. I can tell by looking at you, you're not the artistic type.

FELIX
Mr. Richards wants me to keep an eye on you. But I think I'm gonna handle things my own way. This city is going to be less one pre-vert.

He snaps the club in his hand.

FELIX
(continuing)
Why don't you move your sweetheart out of the way?

As Jonathan turns to move Emmy, Felix hits him with a hard punch in the solar plexus, a real cheap shot. Jonathan drops to his knees, gasping for air.

FELIX
(continuing)
That one was for Rambo.

Felix draws his leg back to kick Jonathan while he's down, but Jonathan jumps up first and dives into him, slamming Felix back into a row of swimsuit racks, knocking them all down like a line of dominoes.

They proceed to demolish the swimwear department in a knock-down drag-out fight. Jonathan's quicker, but Felix is nastier and bigger.

They end up wrestling on the floor. Felix gets the advantage for a moment and reaches for his billy club on the floor.

ANGLE ON FELIX

He grabs the heavy club and raises it above his head. With a full swing he could split Jonathan's head open like a ripe melon.

(CONTINUED)

57A CONTINUED: (3)

Just before he brings it down, however, it's kicked out of his hand by a beautiful leg.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Felix stares dumbfounded at his empty hand, not seeing Emmy glaring behind him, alive once more. Jonathan swings from the floor with all his might and connects with a powerhouse shot to Felix's jaw, knocking him out cold. Felix slumps onto the floor.

Jonathan gets up and dusts himself off.

JONATHAN
That'll teach him to mess with this man and his mannequin.

Suddenly a thought hits Jonathan.

JONATHAN
(continuing)
Wait a minute.

He points to Felix, then to Emmy, then back to Felix, then back to Emmy.

JONATHAN
(continuing)
You kicked the club out of his hand. Hallucinations can't kick clubs out of people's hands.
(pointing to her)
You're real... You're real!

EMMY
And I'm ready for action.

CUT TO:

58 INT. PRINCE & CO. - PROP SHOP ROOM - NIGHT

Hollywood is putting away his supplies in the prop shop. Suddenly, Emmy goes whizzing by the open door behind him on a BMX dirt bicycle.

Hollywood whirls around, startled, and sees nothing. He scratches his head and goes back to cleaning up. Suddenly Jonathan goes whipping by on another BMX bicycle, front wheel airborne in a full wheelie. Hollywood looks up, steps into the store and looks around curiously: nothing. He shakes his head and shrugs.

CUT TO:

59 INT. PRINCE & CO. - ANOTHER PART OF THE STORE - NIGHT

As though performing a choreographed Rock 'n Roll Ballet, Jonathan and Emmy ride through the deserted store on their hot rod bicycles. They're both high from the victory over Felix and are having a wild time. Jonathan's a flashy rider from his motorcycling experience, but Emmy's no slouch either.

JONATHAN
You're pretty good. Where'd you learn?

EMMY
I can ride anything. The faster the better.

JONATHAN
Beat you to the escalator.

EMMY
In your dreams!

Emmy lines up her bike next to his and nods.

JONATHAN
On your mark, get set --

Emmy jumps the gun and takes off, pedaling furiously.

JONATHAN
(continuing)
Hey, that's not fair!

He takes off in hot pursuit after her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Emmy comes sliding around a sharp turn and speeds down an aisle, Jonathan a few seconds behind her. Like two Gran Prix racers, they proceed to attack the sharp corners, straightaways and tricky chicanes of the Third Floor Speedway.

Emmy cuts down an aisle and disappears into the dark, Jonathan right on her tail.

ANGLE MAIN AISLE

Jonathan and Emmy shoot out of the shadows, and barrel at high speed down the main aisle, neck and neck.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

ANGLE TOWARDS DOWN ESCALATOR

The down escalator looms dangerously ahead, but Jonathan and Emmy are locked in a dead heat and neither is willing to concede defeat.

At the last possible moment, Jonathan jams on the brakes, skidding sideways to a stop at the edge of the escalator. But the dauntless Emmy never stops pedaling for a moment and goes sailing off the third floor landing and down the escalator.

EMMY
(victorious)
Yahoooo!!!

ANGLE - SECOND FLOOR LANDING

At the bottom of the escalator stands a groggy Felix, billy club in hand, Rambo licking his face. He looks up at the sound of Emmy's cry and the tremendous CRASHING NOISE of the bicycle on the escalator. Rambo goes wild, dashing off. Felix stands frozen in disbelief, a glazed expression on his face.

59A ANGLE - FELIX'S POV

Bouncing down the escalator right towards him is the terrifying sight of a manneguin, Emmy, on a bicycle.

ANGLE - SECOND FLOOR LANDING

Emmy comes flying out of the escalator POW! into Felix, who goes airborne right back into the Swimwear Department where he ends up sprawled on the floor, a male swimsuit manneguin tangled in his arms, out for the count.

Emmy, alive once more, pulls herself off the floor, takes a look at Felix and then at the demolished bicycle. Jonathan comes running down the escalator, alarmed until he sees she is unhurt.

He looks over at Felix and shakes his head.

JONATHAN
Too bad about the bicycle.

DISSOLVE TO:

60 INT. PRINCE & CO. - TOY DEPARTMENT - DAWN

Jonathan and Emmy sit among the giant stuffed animals, kissing and cooing like teenagers. Jonathan comes up for air, then:

JONATHAN
Something just hit me. In ancient Greece, people from Crete, were they called Cretins?

EMMY
Jonathan.

She kisses his forehead.

EMMY
We'll have to live a different life. People won't understand.

JONATHAN
(kissing her back)
That's their problem.

EMMY
It can only be just the two of us.

JONATHAN
That's perfect because I'm sort of a jealous guy.

EMMY
What about when you become famous? You will, you know.

JONATHAN
Living with a three thousand-year-old Greek girl, that I can buy. But me, famous? That's crazy!

EMMY
You will be. Will you want me around then?

JONATHAN
Why wouldn't I?

EMMY
It's happened before.

JONATHAN
Well, don't worry about me. This is one guy who is never going to leave your side.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

He kisses her again, then pulls back.

JONATHAN
(continuing)
Damn! The window!

Jonathan rushes off, leaving Emmy.

CUT TO:

61 INT. PRINCE & CO. - WINDOW - DAWN

The window they were supposed to be working on all night is in a state of disarray. It is supposed to be a stylized city scene: a painted street in forced perspective leads to a city of cardboard skyscrapers; toy airplanes suspended with monofilament circle overhead, cut-outs of cars and buses ride back and forth on a model train track; clouds of fluffy cotton move across the sky; an electric kettle sends steam through a manhole cover. Naked mannequins lean against the walls, waiting to be dressed.

Jonathan enters, followed by Emmy.

EMMY
It's almost sunrise. We can't possibly finish it.

An idea hits Jonathan.

JONATHAN
Don't worry about a thing. This is going to work out just fine.

EMMY
We'll never dress the mannequins in time.

JONATHAN
(with knowing smile)
That's right.

DISSOLVE TO:

62 EXT. PRINCE & CO. - WINDOW DISPLAY - AN HOUR LATER

A crowd has gathered around the now finished display.

Against the city background which is going full steam, Jonathan has executed a theme of the morning dash to work.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

Only these workers are in such a hurry that they haven't had time to dress yet. The nude mannequins are posed in running positions on the street and sidewalk, briefcases in hand and clothes artfully draped over arms, shoulders, necks and so on. Directing traffic from a rotating pedestal is a mannequin in a cute navy blue uniform -- Emmy.

CAMERA RACKS BACK to a limousine parked across the street. We see an angry R.J. Wert in the back observing the window. He signals his driver, and the limo drives away.

CUT TO:

63 INT. PRINCE & CO. - SWIMWEAR DEPARTMENT - MORNING

Mr. Richards walks by to discover a crowd of employees gathered. He looks to see what the commotion is about and spots Felix still sprawled in the middle of the devastated department, the male swimsuit mannequin still in his arms and the totalled-out BMX bike next to him.

RICHARDS
Felix!

FELIX
(still a little dazed)
What happened here?

RICHARDS
That's what you're supposed to know!

Felix looks around.

FELIX
Where's Rambo?

O.S. we hear a feeble YELP. Felix and Richards turn to see:

63A THEIR POV - RAMBO

petrified has somehow managed to climb to the top of a display tree where he is now perched.

BACK TO SCENE

FELIX
Sir, there's strange things going on in this store.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

63A CONTINUED:

FELIX (CONT'D)
That Switcher, he did this. He makes love to mannequins! I saw him! It's sick!... Lying on the floor humpin' a half naked dummy! It's sick, sick, sick!

TIMKIN (O.S.)
Mr. Richards, is this your idea of a security guard?

CAMERA PULLS BACK -- Mrs. Timkin has approached.

RICHARDS
Claire, I'm sorry...

TIMKIN
Do you ever even ask them if they drink on the job?

FELIX
Ma'am, I have not touched a drop since I worked at the San Onofre Nuclear Plant.

TIMKIN
Dismiss him, Mr. Richards.

RICHARDS
Claire, strange as it may seem, there may be a shred of truth to his story.

TIMKIN
How can you possibly think that?

RICHARDS
The man is a lunatic, but I have never known him to lie.

FELIX
That's right.

TIMKIN
Mr. Richards, look around you. It's ten o'clock and there are already customers in the store, thanks to Jonathan Switcher. I don't care if Switcher puts a rubber glove on his head and runs through the store naked yelling "Hi, I'm a squid!" -- as long as we see results.

(CONTINUED)

63A CONTINUED: (2)

Jonathan innocently wanders by.

JONATHAN
Good morning. Good morning, Mrs. Timkin.

TIMKIN
Hello, Jonathan. This morning's window is your most brilliant yet.

JONATHAN
Thank you.
(feigning innocence)
What happened here?

TIMKIN
God only knows.

JONATHAN
Felix! Did you try to take Omaha Beach all by yourself again?

FELIX
He's the one! He talks to mannequins!

TIMKIN
Mr. Richards, assess the damage and deduct it from his final pay.

RICHARDS
Claire, as Director of Personnel, I must take issue with you usurping my authority.

TIMKIN
You do?

RICHARDS
Very strongly.

TIMKIN
Well, there's one way around that problem. I'm dismissing you as well.

RICHARDS
What? Claire, you must be joking!

TIMKIN
You hired this incompetent and others like him. Someone has to take responsibility. I think it should be you.

(CONTINUED)

63A CONTINUED: (3)

RICHARDS
Mrs. Timkin, I don't like to question your judgement, being our Grande Dame and all. But I have had doubts about a woman your age running this store.
(disdainfully)
I may want to bring that up with the Board.

TIMKIN
Don't mess with this old chick, mister. You think you're smarter than I am? I'll still give you an education. Now pack it up!

She walks away. Jonathan walks up to him.

JONATHAN
And get that dog out of the tree.

Jonathan moves off.

FELIX
(calling out)
You can't do this to me! I'll file a grievance with the union!

RICHARDS
You're not in a union, you idiot!

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE

MUSIC UP -- "You Must be an Angel" by Madonna to play over the following scenes.

64 EXT. PRINCE & CO. - DAY

An excited crowd enjoys the Late For Work window.

64A INT. PRINCE & CO. - NIGHT

Jonathan and Emmy do another window, having fun and helping each other.

64B OMITTED

64C INT. PRINCE & CO. - DAY

Cash registers are ringing up record sales. Salespeople are busier than ever as shoppers jam the store.

64D OMITTED

64E INSERT NEWSPAPER - BUSINESS SECTION - CORNER ARTICLE

A small headline -- "PRINCE AND CO'S NEW WINDOWS OPEN DOOR TO PROFITS." Kicker: "New Designer Attracts Crowds." There is a picture of Jonathan in sunglasses and scarf, within the depth of the article.

64F INT. PRINCE & CO. - DUSK

Jonathan stands with a mannequin Emmy waiting to talk to her, but employees keep coming up to pat him on the back. Finally, he takes advantage of a break in the congratulations and quickly carries Emmy into a convenient utility closet.

64G INT. ILLUSTRA - DUSK

The hordes of shoppers have noticeably diminished.

64H INT. PRINCE & CO. - DUSK

A couple of employees, led by Hollywood, wait outside the utility closet, silencing any passerby who makes a noise. Jonathan steps out with his favorite mannequin, turns and embarrassed red at the sight of the employees, who try to act as if they haven't seen him.

64I OMITTED

64J EXT. PRINCE & CO. - DAY

Jonathan beams proudly as the ever-larger crowds take in the new displays. Timkin spots him and gives him a warm hug.

64K OMITTED

64L EXT. ILLUSTRA - DAY

The windows are fourth-rate imitations of Jonathan and Emmy's displays. A solitary bag lady is the only one looking at the windows.

64M INT. ILLUSTRA - DAY

The store is practically empty.

64N INT. ILLUSTRA - R.J.'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON R.J. - DAY

as he angrily scolds his Junior Executives, a troubled Roxie among them.

64-O & 64P OMITTED

END MONTAGE AND MUSIC.

65 INT. PRINCE & CO. - BOARDROOM - DAY

Timkin is addressing the Board of Trustees. Jonathan sits by her side.

TIMKIN
... Sales are up dramatically. The store is talked about everywhere I go... and I must say that the main reason for our resurgence is sitting next to me: Jonathan Switcher.

The Board Members applaud.

TIMKIN
(continuing)
Jonathan, it is my honor to inform you that starting Monday morning, you will become the youngest Vice-President in Prince and Company's history. Congratulations!

She shakes his hand.

JONATHAN
(overwhelmed)
I don't know what to say --

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

TIMKIN
All you have to say is "yes"!

JONATHAN
Yes!

The meeting now over, the employees stand up and begin shaking his hand, AD LIBBING congratulations as they file out.

TIMKIN
Long live Prince and Company!

CUT TO:

A66 INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH OF JONATHAN AND THE MANNEQUIN EMMY

embracing in the beach scene that Antonio and Roxie took.

PULL BACK and we are...

66 INT. ILLUSTRA - R.J.'S OFFICE - DAY

R.J. is standing at his desk flanked by Roxie and Antonio and the Effete Junior Executives.

R.J.
Why didn't you come to me with this before?

ROXIE
The fact that a man I was acquainted with left me for a mannequin is not something I wanted to shout up and down the streets.

ANTONIO
(chuckling sotto)
Perhaps she was a little less demanding than you.

Roxie shoots him a dirty look.

R.J.
Son-of-a-gun. Richards wasn't just telling me a story.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

R.J. (CONT'D)
(setting down the photograph)
I've been working in this business for twenty years, you come to accept anything. Hell, half of you guys here are probably wearing lace underwear. But this... we're taking a Sunday drive into some serious dementia! Well, it's our move now.

ROXIE
R.J., you know how much I care about Illustra. I would do anything for this company, but I just can't be a part of your ruining Jonathan's life.

R.J.
(confident)
Roxie, I don't want to ruin his life. I just want to hire him. And now I know how.

CUT TO:

67 INT. PRINCE & CO. - MAIN FLOOR - DUSK

The store is closed, the floor is just about deserted. Jonathan carries a frozen Emmy towards the bathrooms.

JONATHAN
(excited)
I've got some great news. I have to talk to you right away.

He starts to go into the men's bathroom, looks at Emmy, reconsiders and opts for the women's bathroom. Just as he gets to the door, it's opened and a SALESWOMAN steps out.

JONATHAN
(continuing; embarrassed)
Oh... Mrs. Thomas, I...

SALESWOMAN
(holding the door for him)
Please, Jonathan, it's all yours.

JONATHAN
Thank you... the men's room is, uh, broken.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

SALESWOMAN
(humoring him)
Of course, dear, whatever you say. Oh, and congratulations.

Jonathan carries Emmy into the bathroom.

68 INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - SAME

An exquisite example of Art Deco the size of an average tract home. Emmy comes to life now that they're alone. She sits on the marble counter and looks at Jonathan expectantly.

JONATHAN
You won't believe what Mrs. Timkin and the Board just told me --

CUT TO:

69 INT. PRINCE & CO. - MAIN FLOOR OUTSIDE BATHROOM - SAME TIME

The Saleswoman beckons to two fellow employees on way to punch out.

SALESWOMAN
(loud whisper)
Tina, Lupe, he's talking to the dummy again.

Tina and Lupe hurry over, giggling.

CUT TO:

70 INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - SAME

JONATHAN
... Vice-President!

EMMY
Why do you seem so surprised? You knew something like this would happen someday.

JONATHAN
You're right. I did. Ahh, Vice-President! World Series tickets!!

Jonathan sees Emmy's acting more cheerful than she's feeling.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

JONATHAN
(continuing)
Look at me, gassin' on and on about myself! You know, there's no way I could do this without you. I won't take the job unless we can be together.

EMMY
Jonathan, you can't worry about what will happen to us.

JONATHAN
What do you mean?

She puts her finger on his lips to silence him, and then she pulls his face to hers and they kiss.

CUT TO:

71 INT. PRINCE & CO. - MAIN FLOOR OUTSIDE BATHROOM - SAME TIME

A snazzily-attired Hollywood approaches the ladies leaning with their ears pressed to the women's bathroom door.

HOLLYWOOD
(mock outrage)
Girls, please! Let's not be catty.

Startled, the three women jump back guiltily.

HOLLYWOOD
(continuing)
I assume my Jonathan is in there?

He starts to enter the bathroom, but Mrs. Thomas, the Saleswoman stops him.

SALESWOMAN
You can't go in -- he's got company, if you know what I mean.

HOLLYWOOD
(imperious)
And who do you think introduced them?

He walks past the Saleswoman and into the bathroom.

72 INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME

As Hollywood enters, Jonathan finds himself kissing the lips of a mannequin.

HOLLYWOOD
At least she'll never tell you your hips are fat.

JONATHAN
(flustered)
Oh, Hollywood, geez... listen, man...

Startled, Jonathan falls over the mannequin, tumbling to the floor.

HOLLYWOOD
I would never both you when you're getting a piece of wood, but this is muy importanto. Your Hollywood needs help.

JONATHAN
Can it wait?

HOLLYWOOD
You're asking a one hundred and sixty-seven and a half pound hunk of Jello to wait?

JONATHAN
(resigned)
What do you need?

HOLLYWOOD
Your creative muse. I always considered myself hot stuff. The very, very best at what I do; but seeing you, well, let's just say it -- I'm dirt. Mold me. Shape me. I'm a fast learner. Please, do not let them turn me out into that dark night alone.

JONATHAN
Look, Hollywood, I'd love to sit down and have some lunch with you and maybe give you some tips, but when I'm on the job I have to work alone.

HOLLYWOOD
(composed)
I understand perfectly. You're an artiste. That's the way you work. I respect that.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

Hollywood breaks down crying, long racking sobs.

JONATHAN
Hollywood, don't worry. You can work here as long as you want. I'm a Vice-President now.

Hollywood cries even harder.

CUT TO:

73 INT. PRINCE & CO. - MAIN FLOOR BATHROOM OUTSIDE - SAME

The three Saleswomen with ears pressed up against the bathroom door are now hearing Hollywood's SQUEALS and SOBS. ANOTHER SALESWOMAN walks by.

OTHER SALESWOMAN
Who's crying?

LUPE
It's either our new Vice-President, the fairy, or the dummy.

The Other Saleswoman nods and moves on.

DISSOLVE TO:

74 INT. PRINCE & CO. - MAIN FLOOR BY WINDOWS - NIGHT

Jonathan and Emmy are walking along.

EMMY
I can't come alive with Hollywood there. Besides, you can do it on your own.

JONATHAN
How can you say that? We're a team, we do everything together.

EMMY
You can't hold yourself back because of me. Now, go on, Hollywood's waiting. You'll do a masterpiece tonight.

JONATHAN
But, Emmy --

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

EMMY
(firm, but gentle)
I'll be waiting in the window.

She steps into the window display.

ANGLE ON JONATHAN

He watches her step into the display, then -- with great reluctance -- he turns and walks away.

ANGLE ON EMMY

As she stands in the window, a mannequin once again, a tear rolls down her frozen face.

DISSOLVE TO:

75 PRINCE & CO. - HOLLYWOOD'S WINDOW - NIGHT

Jonathan's feeling lost without Emmy to help him. He paces anxiously around the group of mannequins standing in the center of the bare window. Hollywood is determined not to miss a thing and paces right behind Jonathan like a shadow. Jonathan throws his arms up in exasperation. Hollywood figures it's part of the creative process and does the same, only he also manages to knock the top half of a mannequin to the floor. Jonathan whirls around and stares in surprise at the lower-half of the mannequin standing alone.

HOLLYWOOD
Oh, curse me to Alabama! I blew your concentration. I'm really sorry.

But Jonathan waves him off, excitedly.

JONATHAN
Hollywood, you're a genius!

HOLLYWOOD
I am?

JONATHAN
(nods)
First, we'll need to make a list...

Hollywood whips out a pad and pen from his back pocket and stands at the ready.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

HOLLYWOOD
Fire away.

JONATHAN
Okay. Hardware Department: thirty feet of nylon cord...

HOLLYWOOD
Sounds like my shopping list already!

76 INT. ILLUSTRA - WAITING ROOM - CLOSEUP - ON A NERVOUS FELIX - NIGHT

in civilian clothes sitting alone in a large room. The door opens and a SECRETARY enters.

SECRETARY
Felix?

He snaps to attention.

SECRETARY
(continuing)
Mr. Wert will see you now.

Felix walks into R.J.'s office.

77 INT. ILLUSTRA - R.J.'S OFFICE - SAME

R.J. sits behind his desk. Standing behind him are Roxie, Antonio, and Mr. Richards.

RICHARDS
Hello, Felix. This is Mr. Wert.

FELIX
Mr. Wert, sir.
(then)
Mr. Richards, I've been meaning to ask you. Now that I'm no longer at Prince and Company, do I have to turn in my Disneyland Discount Pass? Or can I keep it?

RICHARD
Felix, there are hundreds of mannequins at Prince and Company. Would you remember which one Jonathan Switcher has a romantic interest in?

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

Felix smiles. This is a chance for revenge.

FELIX
Oh, yes, sir... I'm very good with faces.

R.J.
Fine. We want to remove that particular mannequin from the Prince and Company downtown store and have it brought here. Would you be interested in helping Mr. Richards do that for us?

FELIX
(beaming)
Does Raggedy Ann have cloth tits?

All the Illustra crew squirm in their seats, but they have their man.

DISSOLVE TO:

78 INT. PRINCE & CO. - MAIN FLOOR - CLOSEUP ON JEWELRY DISPLAY CASE - NIGHT

A male hand reaches in and removes a stunning diamond and sapphire necklace. The hand comes back to pick up matching earrings, starts to withdraw, then with a "what-the-heck" gesture, sweeps up the rest of the set: bracelets, pin, etc.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jonathan fastens the clasp of the necklace for Emmy, as she slips on the bracelets. This is the last stop on a deluxe "supermarket sweep". They're both dressed to the nines, having borrowed the best, and most expensive, items that Prince and Company can offer, a consumer's dream come true.

EMMY
Now can I see the window?

Jonathan smiles and takes her hand.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. PRINCE & CO. - ANGLE ON WINDOW DISPLAY - NIGHT

JONATHAN (O.S.)
What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON WINDOW DISPLAY

It is absolutely breathtaking. (DESCRIPTION TO FOLLOW.)

ANGLE ON EMMY AND JONATHAN

They stand on the deserted sidewalk, looking up at the window.

EMMY
It's the most beautiful window I've ever seen.

JONATHAN
It's all you, you know.

EMMY
Not this time.

JONATHAN
Every time. You're a part of me now.
(taps his heart)
I've got you in here.
(beat)
Are you ready to go?

Emmy nods and they walk down to Jonathan's motorcycle, parked on the sidewalk.

EMMY
You're sure you want to do this?

JONATHAN
(getting on bike)
Absolutely. You've been cooped up in this store for too long. Besides, who cares what people think?
(Emmy gets on behind him)
Just put your arms around me and hold tight.

EMMY
With pleasure.

As Jonathan readies to pull away, Antonio's Camaro drives up from the opposite side of the street.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

Roxie gets out of the passenger side.

ROXIE
Jonathan!

Jonathan spots Roxie, then peers over his shoulder to see Emmy now a mannequin once again.

JONATHAN
Roxie.

ROXIE
Look, Jonathan, you have to believe me. I want to help you.

JONATHAN
I don't need any help.

ROXIE
(looking at the mannequin)
I know about your... problem.

JONATHAN
What problem? I don't have any problems.

ROXIE
Jonathan, you're riding around town with a mannequin on your motorcyle. What's wrong with this picture?

JONATHAN
You're right. I haven't made the introductions. Roxie, this is Emmy. Emmy, this is Roxie.

ROXIE
Jonathan, I wanted to give you one last chance. Come to Illustra. We don't care that you're a little bit... different. Prince and Company can't win. They don't have Illustra's marketing and distribution. Eventually, you'll be buried here.

JONATHAN
I told you I'm not leaving.

ROXIE
Damn it! I don't want to see you get hurt.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (3)

JONATHAN
Roxie, why are you coming to me now? Why weren't you there when I needed you? Tell me, what's in this for you? An office with a view, a vice-presidency, maybe a company car? I don't need Illustra or you. I've got friends here. People who care.
(re: Emmy)
And someone who makes me feel good about myself.

He starts the motorcycle with one kick.

ROXIE
(screaming mad)
You're really sick!

JONATHAN
(cool)
Goodbye, Roxie.

He guns the bike and takes off down the street; Roxie yelling after him.

ROXIE
You're making a big mistake! We'll do anything we can to win! You'll be sorry.

Roxie storms back to the car, gets in, and slams the door shut.

ROXIE
(continuing)
I'd like to take that dummy and tear her hair out!

ANTONIO
(coolly)
Roxie, my darling, can I tell you what you really need right now?... You need to put him and the whole nasty affair out of your mind. How is the best way to do that?... By having a night of disposable sex with someone you care absolutely nothing about. Proudly, I would like to be that person.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (4)

ROXIE
Fine. Let's go to your place.

ANTONIO
(stunned)
Really?

ROXIE
Drive fast before I have second thoughts.

ANTONIO
Antonio is the wind.

He guns the engine and roars off down the street.

CUT TO:

80 thru 84 OMITTED

85 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A couple of SENIOR CITIZENS are standing on a corner waiting to cross the street. Jonathan stops his motorcycle and waves the couple across. They nod their thanks as they walk, trying not to react too obviously to the sight of the mannequin seated behind Jonathan.

WOMAN
Look at him with the dummy!

MAN
Who are you to criticize?

As Jonathan waits patiently for them to cross, a brand new Mercedes Benz 380 SL convertible crammed with FOUR MALE HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS, pulls up next to him. They're obnoxiously drunk and immediately begin laughing and making obscene gestures when they catch sight of Emmy frozen on the back of the motorcycle, her arms locked around Jonathan's waist.

STUDENT #1
Look, it's Ken and Barbie!

They all crack up. Jonathan grits his teeth.

STUDENT #2
(to Jonathan re: Emmy)
Hey, I've had her sister!

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

Finally, the Senior Citizens are safely across the street. Jonathan guns the motorcycle, leaving the Mercedes at the crosswalk.

The Students are busy laughing. Suddenly, one looks up.

STUDENT #3
(pointing)
Hey!

86 POV FROM INT. CAR - NIGHT

Emmy's mannequin arm is raised, her middle finger extended, flipping them "the bird" from the back of the departing motorcycle.

STUDENT #1
(to Driver)
C'mon, Brad, pedal to the metal!

DRIVER
I can't. My dad'll kill me if anything happens to his car.

STUDENT #3
(with contempt)
Wuss!

DRIVER
(pissed)
Hang on.

He floors the accelerator and the Mercedes takes off after Jonathan and Emmy with a lot of HONKING and hooting.

87 ANGLE ON MOTORCYCLE

Jonathan looks over his shoulder when he hears the HONKING, and sees at once the Mercedes is bearing down on him and Emmy's upraised arm. He grabs her arm back down to his waist and swings a quick left onto a twisty road.

88 ANOTHER ANGLE

The Mercedes slides into the turn and charges after the motorcycle. Jonathan can maneuver better through the tight turns, but the Mercedes has speed and power and is rapidly gaining ground as Jonathan swings left onto another twisty road.

89 OMITTED

90 EXT. TWISTY ROAD - ANGLE ON MERCEDES - NIGHT

The Mercedes is dangerously close to Jonathan.

DRIVER
We'll teach this jerk a lesson!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jonathan threads through stanchions under bridge. Mercedes tries to follow with trick driving on two wheels, but the show-off maneuver fails when the car gets jammed between two stanchions. Jonathan zips away.

91 OMITTED

92 ANGLE ON MERCEDES

Driver sits cockily behind the wheel, his friends pop up, all looking scared to death.

DRIVER
(cockily)
So, who's a wuss?!

CUT TO:

93 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Overlooking the sparkling city below, Jonathan and Emmy stand by the motorcycle.

JONATHAN
(grinning)
You were right. This is a night I'll never forget!

EMMY
And it's not over yet.

They look at each other and their smiles dissolve into looks of love and desire. They lean closer and closer, drawn by an irresistible force into a deep, passionate kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE - INT. PRINCE & CO. - LOVEMAKING MONTAGE - NIGHT

TO MUSIC: Jonathan and Emmy make love with passion, heat and tenderness, wherever the spirit takes them.

94 INT. PRINCE & CO. - FUR DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

We FOLLOW a trail of evening clothes along the darkened floor, PAST luxurious full-length mink sable furs tossed on the floor to make the most opulent carpet this side of the Rue de Rivoli. In the middle of this splendor half-entangled in the furs, Jonathan and Emmy make beautiful love.

DISSOLVE TO:

95 INT. ANTONIO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We FOLLOW another trail of clothes TO FIND Roxie waiting in bed, the covers pulled up. Antonio enters from the hall, carrying two glasses of champagne. He is wearing a leopard skin robe and a couple of leopard skin wrist bands.

ANTONIO
Roxie, relax. I assure you that tonight will be pointless if not meaningless.

CUT TO:

94A INT. PRINCE & CO. - SPORTING GOODS DEPARTMENT

A hammock swings rhythmically as Jonathan and Emmy pursue their passion.

94B OMITTED

95A INT. ANTONIO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Antonio is in bed. Roxie is hastily dressing.

ANTONIO
I don't understand it. It never happened to me before. It must be you. You're so cold. You're so unfeeling... Where can I get a mannequin?

Roxie storms out.

CUT TO:

96 INT. PRINCE & CO. - BED DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

A contented Jonathan and Emmy lie in each other's arms under a white quilt of fluffy down in the grandest king-size bed in the whole department.

EMMY
What are you thinking about?

JONATHAN
The window. It turned out pretty good, didn't it?

EMMY
It was breathtaking.

JONATHAN
Emmy, Emmatogenos... You inspire me. I feel like I could do anything. Windows are only a start. I have ideas. I think I could design an entire city... No one takes the time to build things that have character and dignity. People need that. I could give it to them. This store is just the beginning. Emmy, I love you.

He falls asleep in her arms. She stares at him for a beat.

EMMY
(sadly)
That's what they all say.

As tears roll down her face, she gives Jonathan a kiss on his forehead and slips quietly out of bed.

CUT TO:

97 INT. PRINCE & CO. - DANCING MACHINE WINDOW DISPLAY - NIGHT

A very nervous Richards looks around as Felix examines the faces of the female mannequins with his flashlight. Richards leans back and feels the outstretched hand of a male mannequin on his back. He immediately panics and raises both hands in surrender, then looks over his shoulder when there is no voice forthcoming. He sees the mannequin and indignantly straightens up.

RICHARDS
(to Felix; sharp)
Will you hurry it up?!!

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

Felix pauses in front of a blonde mannequin.

FELIX
This is the one

RICHARDS
You're positive?...

FELIX
Absotively.

He starts to remove the mannequin, the notices another blonde mannequin.

FELIX
(continuing; uncertain)
Well, actually, that one kinda looks like her, too.

RICHARDS
(exasperated)
I've put my future in the hands of a vegetable.

He picks up one blonde mannequin, Felix grabs the other and they walk out.

CUT TO:

98 INT. EMMY'S WINDOW DISPLAY - NIGHT

Emmy stands in the last window she did with Jonathan. She looks up to the heavens.

EMMY
Please... I can't do this anymore. I just can't. If what I asked you for was so wrong, then please just destroy me. There is no place in this world for me.

The door from the store opens. Emmy becomes a mannequin again as Felix and Richards aim their flashlights around the display. Their light beams stop at Emmy.

FELIX
Definitely not.

RICHARDS
Sorry, Einstein, but I'm not taking your word for it. She goes, too.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

He walks in, picks up Emmy and carries her out of the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

99 INT. PRINCE & CO. - BED COMPARTMENT - DAY

CLOSEUP ON Jonathan, still asleep with a smile on his face. He reaches across the bed for Emmy, and wakes with a start when his hand encounters nothing but sheets. There is APPLAUSE and LAUGHTER FROM O.S.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A sizeable crowd of shoppers and salespeople have gathered to marvel at the young man in the king-sized bed. They assume this must be a work of performance art, the latest example of Prince and Co'.s innovative merchandising.

Stunned beyond words, Jonathan sheepishly clutches the sheets to himself. Suddenly, Hollywood comes pushing his way urgently through the crowd and runs up to Jonathan.

HOLLYWOOD
Good morning, starshine. I sleep alone too these days, but I'm not about to advertise it.

JONATHAN
Can you get me my clothes?

HOLLYWOOD
What went on here last night? You must have slept through the whole how-do-ya-do!

JONATHAN
What do you mean?

Hollywood hums the "Dragnet" theme, then:

HOLLYWOOD
All the blonde manneguins are gone from the store. Film at eleven... Yes, Beauty -- your favorite, she's gone, too.

Jonathan grabs his clothes and, holding two pillows to his front and back, charges through the crowd. The crowd breaks into a thunderous ovation.

CUT TO:

100 INT. PRINCE & CO. - EMMY'S WINDOW - DAY

Jonathan dashes in, disheveled but back in his own clothes. Hollywood is right behind him. Jonathan stares in shock when he realizes that Emmy really is gone.

HOLLYWOOD
I'm sorry, baby. All of us special people are destined for heartache sometimes. You know what works for me -- crying shamelessly.

Jonathan stares at the empty window, he has an idea as to where she might be, then dashes off.

HOLLYWOOD
(continuing; calling after him)
Now, Jonathan, don't do anything drastic!
(beat)
Oh, me, oh, my...

Hollywood dashes after Jonathan.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. ILLUSTRA - DAY

Jonathan, looking like a man possessed, pulls up on his BSA. He dashes inside.

Right behind him, Hollywood drives up in a 1962 pink Cadillac Coup de Ville with license plates reading: "BAD GIRL". The Caddy is in cherry condition. Before he can follow Jonathan, Hollywood has to take out his canvas cover and quickly slip it on the car.

CUT TO:

102 INT. ILLUSTRA - SAME DAY

Jonathan enters the glass doors that lead to the Illustra Executive Suites. He approaches the SECRETARY.

SECRETARY
(tentative)
Can I help you?

Jonathan looks around.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

JONATHAN
Where's Roxie Lewis?

SECRETARY
She's in a conference in Mr. Wert's office. She can't be disturbed.

Jonathan looks around for Wert's office and heads past the Secretary.

SECRETARY
(continuing)
Sir, you can't go back there!

She reaches for the phone.

SECRETARY
(continuing)
Security?...

ANGLE ON JONATHAN

He bursts through R.J.'s door.

103 INT. R.J.'S OFFICE - SAME

R.J. is behind his desk. Roxie and Richards are present.

RICHARDS
Aah, Switcher! Sit down. Can we get you something to drink?

JONATHAN
Roxie, where is she?

R.J.
She's perfectly safe. Jonathan, let's talk about your future here at Illustra.

RICHARDS
Gosh, it'll be great to have the team back together again.

JONATHAN
What have you done with her?

ROXIE
Jonathan, for God's sake, calm down. It's only a mannequin.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

R.J.
How does fifty-five thousand a year sound?

Jonathan grabs R.J. by the lapels and shakes him.

JONATHAN
I'm gonna kill all of you... Where is she?

R.J.
All right -- seventy-five.

RICHARDS
(making no move to assist)
I told you, R.J., this man is not of Illustra fibre.

Jonathan is still holding R.J.'s lapels:

JONATHAN
Where is she? Damn it!

ROXIE
Forget it! You're never going to see her again.

R.J.
We also have a very nice profit sharing plan.

Roxie turns and bolts from the room.

JONATHAN
(calling out)
Where you going?

Before he can start after her, Richards grabs his shoulder and turns him around.

RICHARDS
Now, Jonathan, can't we just sit down like gentlemen and discuss...

Jonathan cold-cocks him right in the mouth. Richards goes down like a ton of bricks. Jonathan heads out the door.

R.J. hits the intercom.

R.J.
Sheila, call the police.

CUT TO:

104 INT. ROXIE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Roxie runs out into the hallway.

ROXIE
(to secretary)
Gloria, call downstairs to the Compactor Room. I want all the mannequins that came in this morning destroyed.

Gloria quickly dials.

Jonathan bursts into the outer office.

JONATHAN
Roxie!

A Security Guard appears and tackles Jonathan.

GLORIA
(to Roxie)
They're not answering.

CUT TO:

105 INT. COMPACTOR ROOM - SAME TIME

The latest in high-tech trash disposal: large tubes from throughout the store converge over a platform adjoining a wide conveyor belt of black-ribbed rubber. The belt leads to a concrete pit with giant, sharp-bladed, rotating shredders, which grind the trash into pulp in the industrial capacity compactor below.

Chair tipped back against the wall, a maintenance engineer of Hispanic descent: HECTOR -- is fast asleep. The PHONE RINGS AND RINGS.

106 INT. ROXIE'S OFFICE - SAME

ROXIE
Damn it, I'll do it myself.

107 INT. ILLUSTRA HALLWAY - OUTSIDE ROXIE'S OFFICE

Roxie runs out of the office onto the floor.

ANGLE ON JONATHAN AND GUARD

As they wrestle on the floor, the guard whips out his handcuffs but in the confusion, he ends up hog-tied hand to foot.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

As Jonathan runs out in pursuit of Roxie, the guard pulls out his walkie-talkie with his free hand and calls into it.

CUT TO:

108 INT. ILLUSTRA - MAIN FLOOR - CLOSEUP ON FELIX - SAME

receiving the message on his walkie-talkie. He is now an Illustra Security Guard.

FELIX
That's a big ten-four.

He turns off the walkie-talkie and looks down.

FELIX
(continuing)
Come on, Terminator. We got work to do.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that Felix has a new dog -- one of the largest German Shepherds in existence. They take off.

CUT TO:

109 OMITTED

110 INT. ILLUSTRA - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Jonathan bursts through door from stairway. The guards converge on him. Just as he's cornered, he grabs a motorized skateboard from a display and zooms past the guards.

ANGLE - ESCALATOR

Roxie rushes down the escalator towards the main floor and sees the commotion by the elevators, and Jonathan racing down the aisle.

ROXIE
Shit!

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

ANGLE - JONATHAN

He spots Roxie on the escalator and accelerates towards her, dodging shoppers and other obstacles like a downhill racer on a slalom course.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Suddenly Jonathan's way is blocked as the guards from upstairs and Felix form a phalanx across the aisle. Jonathan jumps off the motoboard and scrambles onto a counter as the guards charge. Relieved of Jonathan's weight, the motoboard zooms ahead, nose in the air, and strikes Felix right in the family jewels. Jonathan begins running from counter to counter, pursued by a growing number of uniformed and plain clothes security people, and the Terminator.

ANGLE - JONATHAN

From his raised vantage point, he sees Roxie disappear through a doorway marked "Sub-basement - Employees only."

ANGLE - ELEVATOR

The doors open and out steps R.J. and a shaken Richards.

CUT TO:

111 INT. ILLUSTRA - SUB-BASEMENT - STOREROOM - SAME TIME

In the middle of a storage room containing Illustra's spare mannequins (naked, wigless and stylized) sits a large utility cart holding the kidnapped Prince and Co. mannequins, Emmy among them. They're still in the same outfits as the night before. Roxie dashes in, winded from running. She hurriedly pushes the cart out the door.

112 HALLWAY - SUB-BASEMENT

Roxie races with the cart down the hallway, steam and electrical pipes overhead. She flings open a door marked "Compactor Room - Keep Out," as Jonathan appears at the far end of the hall.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

They stare at each other for a moment, and then Roxie pushes the cart through the door. Jonathan starts to run down the hallway, but is tackled by a pursuing Felix, who is quickly joined by the rest of the posse.

CUT TO:

113 INT. COMPACTOR ROOM - SAME TIME

Hector is still asleep. Roxie runs the cart onto the platform and, in desperate haste, begins throwing the mannequins onto the conveyor belt, which is not moving.

CUT TO:

114 INT. SUB-BASEMENT HALLWAY - SAME TIME

As the guards pile on top of a valiantly struggling Jonathan, the doors open on the service elevator at the end of the hall and out steps Hollywood.

ANGLE - JONATHAN AND THE GUARDS

It looks like a pileup after a fumble, and Jonathan's the football.

HOLLYWOOD (O.S.)
Yoo-hoo, oh fellas...

Felix and the guards look up and get smacked by a high-pressure stream of water.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Felix and the guards are sent sprawling by the jet of water coming from the firehose Hollywood's aiming at them. The pile rapidly shrinks as the guards scramble for cover.

CUT TO:

115 INT. COMPACTOR ROOM - SAME TIME

Roxie loads Emmy onto the belt, and realizes she'd better get the thing moving if she's going to destroy the whole cart of mannequins. She looks around for the controls, spots a pair of larger red and green switches marked "Emergency Override," pushes the green one and steps back onto the platform.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

Immediately, the overhead tubes open up and a ton of trash is dumped on top of Roxie, knocking her out and burying her completely. At the same time, the conveyor belt starts up with a WHIR and the shredder begins GRINDING noisily as the mannequins move down the belt.

Hector awakes with a start and falls off the chair.

CUT TO:

116 INT. SUB-BASEMENT HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Jonathan breaks the grip of the last guard and runs down the hallway as Hollywood keeps the guards pinned down with the hose.

JONATHAN
(as he passes Hollywood)
Way to go!

HOLLYWOOD
(excited, to himself)
There's two things in the world I love to do, kiss boys and fight!

Jonathan races through the door to the compactor room.

CUT TO:

117 INT. COMPACTOR ROOM - SAME TIME

Hector's getting to his feet as Jonathan runs in.

HECTOR
Hey, you can't come in here --

But Jonathan pays no attention -- he's spotted a pair of mannequin legs protruding from the trash pile. He leaps onto the platform and lifts the mannequin up -- it's not Emmy. He starts digging madly through the trash.

ANGLE - CONVEYOR BELT

Unseen to Jonathan the mannequins are approaching the sharp, pulverizing teeth of the shredders, Emmy at the end of the line. As the first mannequin is delivered into the pit, there is a loud CRUNCHING, GRINDING NOISE, which grows louder and louder as the other mannequins topple into the shredder.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jonathan looks up from the trash pile when he hears the terrible sound, and reacts in horror as he sees Emmy at the business end of the conveyor belt.

JONATHAN
(screaming)
Emmy!!!!!

He runs down the conveyor belt as Emmy starts to topple over the precipice. Jonathan makes a desperate leap and grabs her hand as she disappears over the edge.

ANGLE - CLOSEUP ON JONATHAN AND EMMY'S HANDS

Jonathan has grabbed her around the wrist, but Emmy's mannequin arm is quickly sliding out of his grip. As her frozen hand slips into his, Emmy's fingers begin to move, and suddenly her hand and arm are alive. Their two hands lock in a bond that will never break.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Emmy is alive and kicking, the SHREDDER TEETH GRINDING menacingly just below her. Using every last ounce of his strength, Jonathan slowly lifts her to safety. As he throws his arms around her and they cling to each other, the shredder comes to a loud, SCREECHING, GRINDING halt.

ANGLE - HECTOR

He stands by the emergency switch, eyes and mouth agape, staring in astonishment.

HECTOR
(crossing himself)
Madre de Dios!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Emmy looks up at Jonathan.

EMMY
Jonathan, you saved me!

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (2)

JONATHAN
What makes you think I wouldn't?

Emmy is beside herself with joy. She embraces Jonathan. They look over to see Hector staring at them. Emmy double checks to see that she is indeed alive and looks to Jonathan, happiness in her eyes.

EMMY
By Zeus, I'm alive!

JONATHAN
You are. You really are!

EMMY
Jonathan, you're the one. Now you'll have to love me forever.

JONATHAN
I always have. I always will.

As they kiss, Hector snaps out of his daze and begins wildly grabbing mannequins out of the trash pile. He shakes each one by the shoulders, then kisses them, and throws them aside when they don't come to life. Suddenly he spots a hand sticking out of the trash. He yanks on it and pulls Roxie out of the pile. As he shakes her by the shoulders, she regains consciousness and opens her eyes. Hector lifts her in his arms like a groom carrying his bride.

HECTOR
(overjoyed)
Ay caramba!!! Gracias al Dio!!!

ROXIE
(confused)
What the --

He starts kissing Roxie passionately.

CUT TO:

118 INT. SUB-BASEMENT HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Hollywood is still blasting away. The guards are cowering around a corner. R.J., Richards, and several policemen approach.

R.J.
When can we get that damned water turned off?

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

GUARD
Couple guys are working on it.

HOLLYWOOD
You know, this is what being a man is all about...
(calling out)
Take me! Come on, all of you! I dare you! Take me!

Suddenly the water stops.

HOLLYWOOD
(continuing; matter of factly)
Oh, shit.

Hollywood drops the hose and runs into the compactor room as R.J., Richards, Felix, the security guards, and LAPD run down the hallway.

119 INT. COMPACTOR ROOM - SAME

Holding each other lovingly, Emmy and Jonathan walk down the stopped conveyor belt. Ignoring Hector's kisses, Roxie stares at them with a mixture of confusion, anger and jealousy. Hollywood runs in.

HOLLYWOOD
Jiggers, it's the heat!

Hollywood takes one look at Emmy and stops short. For the first time in the movie he takes off his sunglasses. He can't believe his eyes.

JONATHAN
Hollywood, this is Emmy.

HOLLYWOOD
Mama, put the coins in my eyes 'cause I sure as hell don't believe what I'm seein'.

Just then R.J., Felix, Richards, the guards, and the police rush in.

R.J.
(pointing to Jonathan)
Arrest that man!
(then, re Emmy)
Who's she?

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

JONATHAN
She's who I came for.

FELIX
(confused, pointing at Emmy)
That's the mannequin!

R.J.
Does that look like a mannequin to you?
(then)
Officers, ignore this. Arrest that man.

TIMKIN (O.S.)
You keep your hands off of them!

Mrs. Timkin enters.

RICHARDS
Claire!

TIMKIN
(smiling)
Mr. Richards, I thought I'd find you here. R.J., you screwed up but good.

R.J.
Claire, what are you talking about?

She opens her purse and takes out a video tape.

TIMKIN
The other day I fired my night security guard and decided to replace him with one of those fancy camera surveillance systems. I've got Mr. Richards and Felix here on video tape.
(to R.J.)
I was sure you were behind this, you greedy son-of-a-bitch. And I was right my very first shot. Pretty good for a doddering senile old lady, don't you think, Richards?

She pulls Richards' nose.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

TIMKIN
(continuing; re Felix and Richards)
I want these two arrested for breaking and entering, and grand theft.
(to R.J.)
And I'll get you later for conspiracy.

JONATHAN
You can add kidnapping to that.

RICHARDS
Kidnapping?! Who?!

EMMY
I was taken against my will.

OFFICER #1
Who's she?

FELIX
She's a mannequin!!!

EMMY
Don't be silly.

OFFICER #1
What the hell's going on here?

The scene breaks down into confusion as everyone starts telling their story at once.

ANGLE ON JONATHAN

Watching smugly from the sidelines. Suddenly a thought occurs to him. He turns to Mrs. Timkin.

JONATHAN
Mrs. Timkin, those video cameras... did they pick up "everything" in the store last night?

TIMKIN
(with a twinkle)
I only saw what I needed to see.

Jonathan nods thankfully.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (3)

ANGLE ON ROXIE AND EMMY

ROXIE
Where did you come from.

Jonathan joins them.

JONATHAN
Roxie, you would never understand.
(to Emmy)
Shall we?

Jonathan takes Emmy's arm and leads her from the room, leaving Roxie under the gaze of Hector.

R.J. approaches Timkin and takes her aside.

R.J.
Now Claire, there must be some arrangement we can make.

TIMKIN
Don't even think about it.

CUT TO:

119A INT. ILLUSTRA - ESCALATOR - CLOSEUP ON JONATHAN AND EMMY - SAME TIME

In joyous contentment, they talk about their future -- including a wedding window, engineering school for Emmy. As the escalator moves up towards the light and crowds on the main floor, Jonathan and Emmy MOVE AWAY FROM CAMERA, finally merging in the sea of humanity.

120 thru 123 OMITTED

THE END